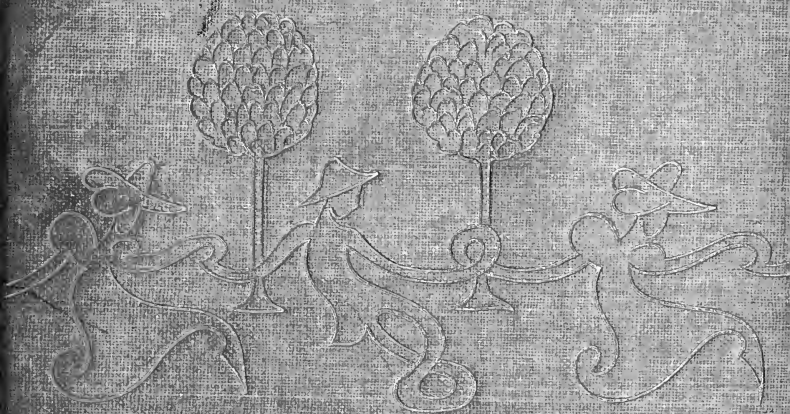


DAPHNE



OR

THE PIPES OF ARCADIA



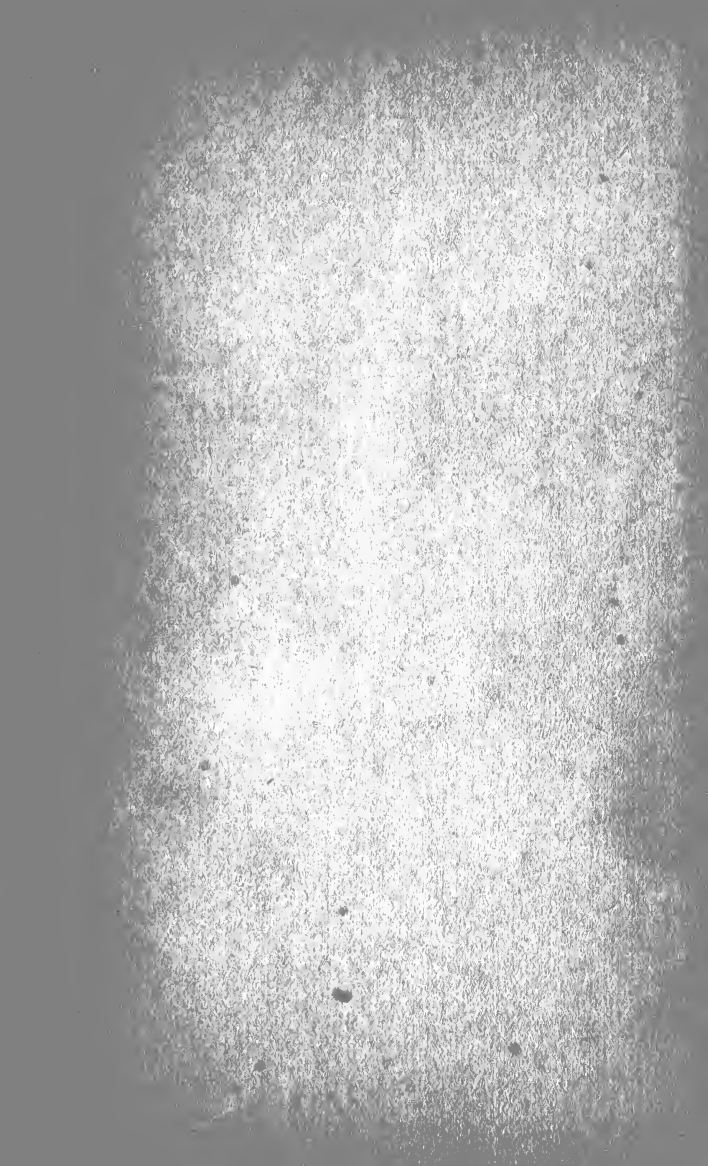
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Daphne



Daphne

OR

The Pipes of Arcadia



Three Acts of
Singing Nonsense

By

Marguerite Merington



New York
The Century Co.
1896

AUG 20 1896

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1896

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by Marguerite Merington

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Dedicated to
Mr. Joseph Jefferson
with admiration and regard



Daphne

Illustrations

(By F. T. Richards, of "Life")

DAPHNE	<i>frontispiece</i>
LUCIAN	facing page 12
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BONIFACE	28
SALLY	76
GUMBO	110

Characters.

PRINCIPALS.

DAPHNE, <i>an Arcadian Princess.</i>	<i>Soprano</i>
A FAT FAIRY, DAPHNE'S <i>chaperon.</i>	<i>Alto</i>
BONIFACE, <i>an Arcadian Shepherd.</i>	<i>Tenor</i>
LUCIAN, <i>a college don.</i>	<i>Bass</i>
GUMBO, <i>King of the Fijis.</i>	<i>Basso Profundo</i>

OTHERS.

SALLY, <i>maid-of-all-work to GUMBO.</i>	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>
PHYLLIS, <i>an Arcadian Shepherdess.</i>	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>
MARIGOLD, <i>an Arcadian Shepherdess.</i>	<i>Alto</i>
CHEF TO GUMBO.	<i>Second Tenor</i>
ROBIN, <i>an Arcadian Shepherd.</i>	<i>Second Tenor</i>
DAMON, <i>an Arcadian Shepherd.</i>	<i>Baritone</i>
A NEWSBOY.	<i>Natural Hoarse Roar</i>
TWO BOOTBLACKS.	<i>Usual Whistle</i>

CHORUS.

ARCADIAN SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES.
FIJIS.



Scenario.

The scene is laid in Arcadia, because, as no one has ever thoroughly explored that pleasant country except in extreme youth, serious criticism of the local conditions is courteously but firmly knocked into a cocked hat at the outset.

The theme of the tale is Love. The world began with a love-story in a garden, and even in this prosaic age every one has a love-story in the family, or knows some one else who has one, so that the dramatist is reasonably sure to hit the universal taste with the universal thing. According as the eternal fitness of things permits lovers to stay in Eden, or banishes them thence with a flaming sword, is the result a comedy or a tragedy, for the nonce ; and perhaps it is because the human drama can never be enacted without tears that it is supremely pleasant to crown the lovers of the mimic world with wreaths of thornless roses, and to tune the lyre to laughter in the doing of it.

Daphne ; or, The Pipes of Arcadia.

PROLOGUE.

[Sung by men's and women's voices to an oboe accompaniment behind the curtain.]

“THE PIPES OF ARCADIA.”

Because a princess most despiteful
Spurned her faithful swain,
Came woes unrightful
On the shepherd train !
Ah, mute the pipes — the song is ended,
And the gentle flocks
Browse all untended
On Arcadian rocks !
For those who leave Arcadia ever,
Who her hills forsake,
Come back, ah, never,
Tho' their hearts may break !
E'en tho' eyes may strain to see her,
And the bosom yearn
For those who flee her,
There is no return.

[Here the orchestra plays “The Pipes of Arcadia;” *motif* to take up the curtain.]

ACT I.

[A pastoral scene is revealed. In the background stands a picturesque chateau, with lattice windows overhung by flowering vines ; beyond, there is a glimpse of the sea, testifying to the fact that Arcadia lies on the border of the greater unknown. A fountain, surrounded by a low stone seat, occupies the centre of the stage. On the distant uplands, Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses are tending sheep, the maidens singing and the youths playing on pipes.]

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Sing.*]

We are little shepherdesses
Copied out of books of beauty.
Combing out our golden tresses
Is our pleasing duty !

Toying with our little crookses,
Singing slow-time, singing fast-time,
Wading in Arcadian brookses
Is our pleasant pastime !

Tending our obedient flockses
(Copied from Japan tea-caddies),

Sporting on Arcadian rockses
With the shepherd laddies !

[*They dance and frisk.*

[Two shepherdesses stray from the dancing throng, sighing pensively. This is an unmistakable symptom of a fancied passion; the suffering at the moment is as acute as in the real malady, but the difference is that in the latter case one stays and dances with the throng. Two shepherds follow them, wooing them with their piping, but are flouted by the maidens with their crooks. The girls wander towards the footlights, where their confidences can be distinctly overheard by the audience.]

PHYLLIS.

It is all so monotonous — the same song,
the same shepherds, the same sheep !

[*She sighs.*

MARIGOLD.

Yes, they are all just alike — shepherds and
sheep !

[*She sighs.*

DAMON.

What ! We like sheep !

[*Surprised.*

ROBIN.

[*To DAMON.*] If that is the case, let us
return to our muttons !

[*They affect to withdraw.*

PHYLLIS.

One alone is different.

MARIGOLD.

Aye, Boniface.

BOTH.

[*Rapturously.*] Boniface !

DAMON AND ROBIN.

[*Contemptuously.*] Boniface.

DAMON.

He wears his hair long, out of all fashion —
that is the only difference !

PHYLLIS.

Scoffer ! He is a poet !

DAMON.

And therefore cannot afford to get it cut !
True.

PHYLLIS.

Marigold, promise you'll never tell if I
show you something.

[*Draws something from her bosom.*]

MARIGOLD.

I promise. Oh, is that the worsted to work

the sunset in your sampler ? But are n't you afraid it is too bright ?

PHYLLIS.

Worsted ! Sunset ! Why, Marigold, it is a lock of Boniface's hair !

MARIGOLD.

His darling daffodil hair ! Let me hold it just one little minute ! But how did you come by such a treasure ?

PHYLLIS.

Promise you won't tell. I snipped it off as we were shearing sheep !

DAMON.

Oh, I'll tell the Fat Fairy of you, Miss !

PHYLLIS.

Damon, if you do I'll never speak to you again. Never !

MARIGOLD.

[*With sheep-shears.*] Where is Boniface now ?

ROBIN.

Sitting under a Ghinka tree, counting the alphabet on his fingers to find a rhyme for

Daphne, with all his might — and his mane!
Ha, ha!

MARIGOLD.

Robin, how dare you scoff at him!
Daphne, indeed! [*Whimpers.*]

PHYLLIS.

Phyll — Phyll — Phyllis would eke out a
couplet just as well as Daphne. [*Whimpers.*]

MARIGOLD.

Why does n't he try Mari — Mari — Mari-
gold? [*Whimpers.*]

PHYLLIS.

I can't make out what he can see in
Daphne! She's just as hard as nails!

DAMON.

Ah, 't is nails and other hard things that
always draw the magnet, Miss. I mean to
tell the Fat Fairy of you. [*Runs up stage.*]

ROBIN.

She'll read you a lecture on the impropriety
of giving your young affections unasked.
[*Runs up stage.*]

PHYLLIS AND MARIGOLD.

If you dare to!

[*Run after them, threatening with crooks.*]

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Sing in distance.*]

We are little shepherdesses
Copied out of books of beauty.
Combing out our golden tresses
Is our pleasing duty !

At stern Life we dare not peep
Beyond the veil and wimple ;
Happy are we as our sheep,
Because we are as simple !

[Lucian here enters from the high-road. By the inferential process rendered popular by the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes, it is seen from his gown and mortar-board that he is attached to some fountain-head of learning. The conscious superiority of his bearing rightly suggests New England. A Bædecker in his hand shows that he is out on a vacation and not used to travelling; the disorder of his attire shows that he has journeyed far. Snatches of song as he puts himself to rights indicate that he likes to sing possibly better than people like to hear him, and a conversation that he holds with himself reveals that he is seeking Arcadia in order to find his former pupil and affianced bride, Daphne. A child might perceive at this juncture that there are two men in love with the same woman. This

sometimes happens in real life, and interesting complications may always be looked for.]

PHYLLIS.

[*Spying* LUCIAN.] A young man !

MARIGOLD.

Not as fair as Boniface !

PHYLLIS.

But still our fellow-man, and entitled to humane treatment.

[Followed by all the shepherdesses, they run to Lucian, surrounding him.]

LUCIAN.

Dear me, what a lot of girls ! Don't do that, you are tumbling my collar ; besides, your mamas would n't like it.

[*Tries to run away.*

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Clasping him round the neck.*] Don't go !

LUCIAN.

Let go ! Forward, bold girls ! [*He frees himself and runs away.*] But, stay, a happy thought—they may guide me to Daphne ! See here, little girls !

[He runs after them, whereupon they all affect to run away. There is a deep philosophical truth in this, if any one cares to look for it.]

LUCIAN.

Hold on, I beg. My intentions are strictly correct. My name is Lucian; my degree is Ph. D.; my object, matrimony —

SHEPHERDESSES.

Say no more. [*They fall on his neck.*]

DAMON.

[*To* ROBIN.] This is not to be endured!

ROBIN.

Let us tell the Fat Fairy!

[*All the SHEPHERDS run out.*]

LUCIAN.

[*Struggling.*] Help, help! You do not understand. I seek a particular young person!

PHYLLIS.

All of us are particular young persons in Arcadia!

[They pin Lucian down with their crooks and gag him, while they all sing.]

SHEPHERDESSES.

We are little shepherdesses
Copied out of books of beauty.
Combing out our golden tresses
Is our pleasing duty !

Toying with our little crookses,
Singing slow-time, singing fast-time,
Wading in Arcadian brookses
Is our pleasant pastime !

Tending our obedient flockses
(Copied from Japan tea-caddies),
Sporting on Arcadian rockses
With the shepherd laddies !

All of us can read and write,
Cipher, sing, and play croquet.
Some of us are very bright,
And all polite and gay.

At stern Life we dare not peep
Beyond the veil and wimple ;
We are happy as our sheep,
Because we are as simple !

How the sky is bright above us !
How the world so gay and glad is !

Daphne.

How we love them ! How they love us !
All the shepherd laddies !
[*All titter and put crooks to mouth.*]

LUCIAN.

Very nice. Now just listen to what I'm going to propose.

ALL.

Propose ! [*They splutter with laughter and hide their faces.*]

PHYLLIS.

It is so public, Lucian !

LUCIAN.

Oh, my dear, good girl, if you'd only listen to what I'm going to say ! Here are three gum-drops and half a caramel I took away from my Sophomores last week ; regale yourselves on them while I sing you something.

ALL.

Ah ! [*They sit at his feet while he sings.*]

LUCIAN.

[*Sings.*]

Over land and over sea
Wander I to seek her.
None so fair, so sweet, as she —



LUCIAN

“Over land and over sea
Wander I to seek her.”



FAT FAIRY.

[*Bursting out of door of chateau.*] I'm coming!

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Alarmed.*] Here comes the Fat Fairy!

[They turn their backs to Lucian, and repeat the multiplication table. Shepherds re-enter.]

FAT FAIRY.

O girls, girls, how can you hear a fellow-creature in distress and not do something to relieve him? [*Runs to LUCIAN.*] Now what will you have? [*Opening her reticule.*] Sticking-plaster or paregoric? Or [*stroking his cheeks*] just a little kindness?

LUCIAN.

My dear madam, if I only had the pleasure of your name —

FAT FAIRY.

Single man, sir? Because, if so, I'd rather have the pleasure of yours. Ha, ha, ha! That's my humor, don't you know.

[*Pokes him in ribs.*]

LUCIAN.

[*Groans.*] Great Scot!

FAT FAIRY.

There, there, I'll sing you something. Oh, you don't know the effect of a soothing female voice at a crisis — when one has lost one's collar-button or is late for a train, for instance.

[*Sings.*]

By nature pensive and tearful,
Inclined to be drooping and drear,
I'm paid to be smiling and cheerful
At so much a year!
To laugh when my patrons are dismal,
When worriments canker and cark;
To throw into moments abysmal
A pleasing remark!
I show them what blessings their curses;
How humorous really their woes!
I paint them, when blue with reverses,
All *couleur-de-rose*!
I offer a jest or a riddle
To satirize moral migraine;
I laugh with my hey diddle diddle,
At sorrow and pain!
I frolic and frisk when they suffer,
And simper in fashion ornate. —
I act as a psychical buffer
'Twixt mortal and fate!
Ah, sweet is the balm of my drolling,
My rallying quizzical cheer;

Ah, sweet is the task of consoling,
At so much a year !

[*Speaks.*]

Of course, the stipend is a mere trifle, but
I like to feel that I am underpaid for doing
good. It was not always thus, you know.

[*Sings.*]

Once, once upon a time —

LUCIAN.

If you 'd only let me speak —

FAT FAIRY.

Sh ! Bad manners to talk till the music
is in full swing, don't you know.

[*Sings.*]

Once, once upon a time,
Columbine, sylph-like and airy,
I in a pantomime
Was a pantomimic fairy
Clad, clad in gauzy wings,
Scant, gauzy, other things.

[*Gaily.*]

SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Sing in chorus.*]

Clad, clad in gauzy wings,
Scant, gauzy, other things.

FAT FAIRY.

[*Acting it out.*]

Glit — glittering with spangles,
Gay — gay with tissue roses,
Stan — ding at curious angles,
In quaint Delsartian poses.
Oh, the rapture ! Oh, the bliss !
When I posed like this — or this ! [*Poses.*]

CHORUS.

[*Posing.*]

Oh, the rapture ! Oh, the bliss !
When she posed like this — and this !

FAT FAIRY.

On pasteboard clouds I stood,
Bright in a lime-light glow ;
By Harlequin was wooed,
In parti-coloured clo' ;
Or else, with great *éclat*,
Danced like that — and that — and that !
[*Dances.*]

CHORUS.

[*Dancing.*]

Once she with great *éclat*,
Danced like that — and that — and that !



THE FAT FAIRY

“Once I with great *eclat*
Danced like that — and that---and that.”



FAT FAIRY.

I, little Columbine,
Was the idol of the throng;
Fort — fortune, fame, were mine,
Long ago — ah, me! how long!
When I capered thus and so,
In the years of long ago! [Capers.]

CHORUS.

[Capering.]

Yes, she capered thus and so,
In the years of long ago!

FAT FAIRY.

There, is n't that nice? Would you like
me to do it again? No charge extra for en-
cores, you know.

LUCIAN.

No, no! I insist upon singing a bit my-
self. [*Sings very loud.*] Over —

ALL.

Hear, hear!

LUCIAN.

Don't interrupt. [*Sings.*] Over —
[*Loud shouts are heard in the distance.*]

SHEPHERDS.

There's a fire ! [*They all scamper off. The shouts are heard approaching.*]

FAT FAIRY.

Some one in dire distress. Every one put a bright face on and try to make the best of it. Girls, if it's serious misfortune, you can titter every now and then and ask conundrums.

[Lucian walks about distractedly. Boniface rushes on, followed by the shepherds. He waves his lute wildly.]

SHEPHERDESSES.

'T is Boniface.

PHYLLIS.

He is sick with love ! [*Sighs.*]

FAT FAIRY.

I wonder if I'd better give him sticking-plaster, or paregoric, or [*stroking BONIFACE's cheeks*] just a little dose of kindness !

LUCIAN.

[*To himself.*] Another man in love ! He may help me to find Daphne !

BONIFACE.

[*Sings, trying to free himself.*] Give place,
give place !

FAT FAIRY.

[*Archly.*] You 're in distress ?

SHEPHERDS.

[*Holding him.*] But, Boniface —

SHEPHERDESSES.

You are. Confess !

LUCIAN.

Is 't debt — disgrace ?

BONIFACE.

I seek redress !

ALL.

[*To BONIFACE.*]

Why wan of eye
And pale of cheek ?
Whence come you ? Why ?
What may you seek ?

SHEPHERDESSES.

Why will he sigh ?

SHEPHERDS.

Why won't he speak ?

LUCIAN.

Mayhap like mine
Some lover's woe —
Is 't woman, wine ?

FAT FAIRY.

I told you so !

ALL.

Ah, make some sign
That we may know,
Since we opine —

BONIFACE.

[*Struggling.*]

Let go ! Let go ! [*He frees himself and
runs toward the fountain.*]

ALL.

[*Sing, acting out the words.*]

With aqueous taste for which there's no
accountin'
Apparently he seeks the public fountain !
Perchance beneath its cooling, lucent brim

He fain would dive,

Or drink,

Or fish,

Or swim !

Or pick the supple lily, pliant rush —

He tunes his lute —

Hark, hark, he sings —

Hush, hush !

BONIFACE.

[Sings.]

Adé, sweet life, adé.

Since Love hath said me nay,

To love and life and all things gay,

Adé, I say, adé !

[*Explosively.*]

Adiddledumdé, adé !

[*He approaches fountain.*]

Under the fountain's brim

Healing waits for him,

Heart-slain by a false maid's whim,

Whose love hath said him nay !

Distinctly said him nay !

[*He stands on stone seat about fountain, and apostrophizes the group which clusters about him.*]

Dance on, O joyous throng !
Sing, maidens, sweet your song !
Live out, O world, your full life long,
Though Love hath said me nay !

[*Defiantly.*]

Nay — I repeat it — nay !

ALL.

Nay — He repeats it — nay !

BONIFACE.

[*He gets on to brim of fountain.*]

Swiftly the waters part ;
Swift as an arrow's dart,
Swift and sure to death's great heart,
Singing adé adé —
Adiddledumdé adé !

[He throws his lute away. Phyllis catches it. He joins his hands as if to leap into the fountain, but is pulled back by the throng.]

FAT FAIRY.

Had n't you better wet your head before
you go in swimming ?

BONIFACE.

Swimming — to a man who contemplates
self-destruction ! Contemplates it, I say.
[*Aside.*] Boo hoo, how cold the water looks !

ALL.

[*Shudder.*] Self-destruction !

BONIFACE.

[*Taking off his coat.*] Why should you not learn it now rather than later — when it may be too late to prevent it ! [*With emotion.*

PHYLLIS.

[*Weeps.*] Must you do it, Boniface ?

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Weep.*] Yes, must you, Boniface ?

BONIFACE.

I fear I must !

PHYLLIS.

[*To MARIGOLD.*] Daphne is at the bottom of this.

MARIGOLD.

Yes. Daphne !

BONIFACE.

What else can I do ?

[*Sings.*]

Were love to your thirst gainsaid
When kissing your lip was the cup,

Would you wait for the draught delayed,
Or — [Makes a plunge.

SHEPHERDS.

[Pulling him back.]

Give it up!

BONIFACE.

If your heart had been bared to the lash
With merciless quiver and tingle,
Would you pause at the final dash,
Or — [Makes a plunge.

FAT FAIRY.

[Pulling him back.]

Remain single!

BONIFACE.

If a maid had flouted you once,
Your flame would you stifle and smother?
Would you wait on her whim for the nonce,
Or — [Makes a plunge.

SHEPHERDESSES.

[Sing, pulling him back.]

Try another!

BONIFACE.

If *she* were as faithless as fair,
Were you dispossessed as her lover,

Would you live in a wail of despair,
Or — [*Makes a plunge.*]

LUCIAN.

[*Pulling him back.*]

Think it over !

BONIFACE.

In most reprehensible manner
If cruelly crossed were your lot,
Would you stick at the brink of Nirvana,
Or — [*Makes a plunge.*]

ALL.

[*Pulling him back.*]

Better not !

BONIFACE.

[*Pausing.*] True, I shrink from the water,
but —

FAT FAIRY.

You're more likely to shrink in the wash.
Ha, ha, ha ! Treat the situation humorously !

ALL.

Yes, do, Boniface. Ha, ha, ha !

FAT FAIRY.

At any rate, leave us a pleasant remembrance of you. Where's your watch ? Nothing like the hand of Time to soften grief !

ALL.

Yes, yes !

[*Sing, clutching* BONIFACE.]

Before you die — if die you must ;
Before reduced to silent dust, —
Or, since you go a wat'ry way,
Before reduced to moistened clay, —
Have you no little parting word ?
No trifling wish that should be heard ?
No wealth concealed ? Sin unconfessed ?
Consider — make you no bequest ?
Have you no trinkets we might save
From sharing in your wat'ry grave ?

BONIFACE.

I only leave a name !

ROBIN.

And that is not marketable.

BONIFACE.

That is exactly what She said !

PHYLLIS.

Heartless creature !

[*Weeps.*]

BONIFACE.

I will thank you not to use my lute for a

pocket-handkerchief, Phyllis; it will put it out of tune.

[*Takes lute from PHYLLIS and sings.*]

I sang to her —

[*Speaks.*]

I say “to her” because I do not wish to drag a lady’s name into the discussion, but of course “her” refers to — to the young lady who is at the bottom of it.

[*Sings with his lute.*]

I sang to her

In spring, when woodbine twined —

LUCIAN.

It twines throughout the year.

FAT FAIRY.

Well, never mind!

BONIFACE.

Salt tears I shed —

LUCIAN.

Take that *cum grano salis*!

BONIFACE.

And, oh, that my heart bled
Of no avail is!

LUCIAN.

Hearts do not bleed;
They work the circulation !

PHYLLIS.

I prithee let us heed
His sweet narration !

BONIFACE.

Angel is she —

LUCIAN.

Angels are non-existent !

ALL.

[To LUCIAN.]

Why must you be
Rudely persistent ?

BONIFACE.

I vowed my love —

LUCIAN.

You can't vow an emotion ;
Pray let me prove —

BONIFACE.

My devotion
Fixed as a star —



BONIFACE

“I sang to her
In spring when woodbine twined.”



LUCIAN.

You know that 's a delusion !

BONIFACE.

My heart —

LUCIAN.

Ha, ha !

ALL.

[To LUCIAN.]

Cease this intrusion !

BONIFACE.

Went my heart forth,
As turns without election
Needle to north !

LUCIAN.

There 's a deflection !

BONIFACE.

Skies darken when
Some coming ill is boded
To sons of men —

LUCIAN.

That myth 's exploded !

BONIFACE.

In my soul strife,
And midnight in my sky.

Fruitless were life —
Singing, I die !

ALL.

He sang to Her
(He does not mention whom)
Love-songs, we infer,
Tinctured with gloom —
He sang to Her
In spring, when woodbine twined ;

LUCIAN.

It twines throughout the year.

ALL.

But never mind !
He sang to Her —
We judge he sang in vain.
Tuneless her ear !
Bitter his pain !
He sang to Her —
Perchance she would not listen,
Else would a tear
In his een glisten ?
He sang to Her,
He sang both loud and long.
It failed to endear —
That lengthy song !
In his soul strife,

Midnight in his skies.
Fruitless were life —
Singing, he dies !

BONIFACE.

[*Dangling his feet reluctantly over fountain, aside.*] Public sentiment seems to demand it.

LUCIAN.

[*Aside.*] If I let him go I shall never find Daphne ! [*Throws stones into fountain.*] You know a child might wade in that !

BONIFACE.

[*Dismally.*] Yes — wade and be found wanting !

MARIGOLD.

Oh, heed the stranger, Boniface. He has a haughty bearing and wears clean starched linen !

BONIFACE.

That would compel my attention on the brink of immortality. Speak, stranger !

LUCIAN.

Divining your complaint, I think I can give you a receipt —

BONIFACE.

A receipt! Why? You are not my tailor, are you? He is the only man to whom I owe everything and whom I can never repay! Speak! Are you my tailor?

LUCIAN.

Certainly not. I only press my own suit. A recipe, I should have said. I make your case my own, and —

BONIFACE.

[*Springing up.*] You insist on dying in my stead? Noble fellow! In with you!
[*Tries to throw LUCIAN into fountain.*]

LUCIAN.

[*Struggling.*] No, no! I don't want to.

BONIFACE.

We'll do it tandem. You go first.

LUCIAN.

[*Escaping.*] My name is Lucian, and my degree is —

BONIFACE.

[*Chasing him.*] Boiling-point. But never mind, old chap. You will find the water cool but bracing. [All chase LUCIAN.]

LUCIAN.

[*Sinks down exhausted.*] But why die?

ALL.

[*Sink down exhausted.*] Yes, why?

BONIFACE.

Now you put it in that light, why? Yet,
finding that I have a rival —

ALL.

[*To LUCIAN.*] Come, now, what would
you do about that?

BONIFACE.

Yes, come, now, the recipe. If you had
a rival —

LUCIAN.

[*Sings.*]

If I had a rival —

[*Speaks.*]

Remember, it's purely hypothetical, but —

[*Sings.*]

If I had a rival,
With cunning contrival
I'd poison his beer,
That I would, never fear;

A-singing, sarcastic and low,
“ This *is* your last minute,
For pizen is in it,
A mixture both painful and slow ! ”
And the bibulous sinner
Should die at his dinner,
A-singing his hey hilly ho !

SHEPHERDS.

[*Sing.*]

Yes, the bibulous sinner
Should die at his dinner,
A-singing his hey hilly ho !

ALL.

[*Sing.*]

His hey hilly, ho hilly,
Hey hilly, ho hilly,
Hey hilly, hi hilly, ho !

FAT FAIRY.

If I had a rival —

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha !

FAT FAIRY.

I said “ if.” If I had a rival, I ’d take it pleasantly, and not make such ugly rude demonstrations about it.

PHYLLIS.

If I had a rival — just pretend I loved this gentleman, for instance —

LUCIAN.

[*Edging off.*] No, you must n't do that.

PHYLLIS.

I said "pretend."

[*Sings.*]

If I had a rival,
With cruel deprival
I'd elope with her dear,
That I would, never fear;
A-singing, as off we did go,
"Adieu, *ma toute belle*!
We would take you as well —
But you see you are really *de trop*!"
And in bridal attire
I'd watch her expire,
A-singing her hey hilly ho!

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Sing.*]

Yes, in bridal attire
I'd watch her expire,
A-singing her hey hilly ho!

ALL.

[*Sing.*]

Her hey hilly, ho hilly,
Hey hilly, ho hilly,
Hey hilly, hi hilly, ho !

BONIFACE.

This is contagious. If I had a rival — I have one, you know, but I say “had” because you all said “had.”

[*Sings.*]

If I had a rival,
’T were mine — the survival !
I ’d poison or slay
In some delicate way,
While I sang, with a virtuous glow,
“ If one has to die,
Why — it shall not be I ! ”
(Alluding to you, don’t you know !)
And you ’d die so completely,
So sweetly, so neatly,
A-singing your hey hilly ho !

ALL.

[*Sing.*]

Yes, you ’d die so completely,
So sweetly, so neatly,
A-singing your hey hilly ho !

Your hey hilly, ho hilly,
Hey hilly, ho hilly,
Hey hilly, hi hilly, ho !

BONIFACE.

[*Putting on his coat.*] Thank Heaven, it has ended so lyrically ! [*He offers his hand to* LUCIAN.] My life-preserver ! Charmed to have met you. Good-day.

LUCIAN.

Hold hard ! I saved your life.

BONIFACE.

It is not worth mentioning. [*Going.*] Drowning men catch at straws — straws !

LUCIAN.

[*Runs after him.*] I insist on being recompensed. Come, we'll strike a bargain.

SHEPHERDESSES.

Hurrah ! A bargain !

BONIFACE.

Yes — a man reduced to terms. Speak, stranger !

LUCIAN.

[*Sings.*]

Over —

BONIFACE.

I said speak, not sing.

LUCIAN.

So be it. I seek my promised bride, who is a most elusive young person. Help me find her, and I in return undertake to plead your cause with your *inamorata*.

BONIFACE.

And slay my rival? Done!

[*Clasps LUCIAN's hand.*]

SHEPHERDESSES.

Done!

[*Clasp SHEPHERDS' hands.*]

BONIFACE.

We will be as brothers!

[*He falls on LUCIAN's neck.*]

SHEPHERDS.

We will be as brothers!

[*They fall on SHEPHERDESSES' necks.*]

LUCIAN.

Our brides shall be sisters!

[*He and BONIFACE embrace.*]

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Embracing SHEPHERDS.*] We will all be sisters to you!

BONIFACE.

But, brother, suppose you fail ?

FAT FAIRY.

Oh, tut, tut ! Youth's bright lexicon, don't you know !

BONIFACE.

People sometimes do it without consulting a dictionary. Suppose you fail ?

LUCIAN.

If I fail, brother, you may take my life !

BONIFACE.

Thank you, brother. My life is yours if I fail !

LUCIAN.

It is a bargain ! [*They embrace.*

SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

A bargain ! [*They embrace.*

BONIFACE.

We will not fail !

ALL.

[*Sing.*]

Sweet the fact,
Wife for wife !

Brave the act,
 Life for life !
Great the trust ;
 High the thought !
Bargain just,
 Bravely bought !
Each will bear
 Other's pain !
Each will share
 Other's gain !
Each his good
 Shall divide ;
 Brotherhood
 Ratified !
Doff the sword, —
 Coat of mail !
Pledgèd word
 Cannot fail !
Through the land
 They depart,
Hand in hand,
 Heart to heart.
Each for each
 Maid shall sue,
With soft speech ;
 Win her, too !
Well-endowed
 In love's craft —
Well they vowed
 Brüderschaft !

BONIFACE.

I congratulate you, sir. The lady you will have the honor of winning for me is without a peer !

LUCIAN.

Ah, but wait till you see mine !

[They sit and sing, each regardless of the other, just as intimate confidences are sometimes bestowed and received in real life.]

[BONIFACE *and* LUCIAN *sing*.]

BONIFACE.

Ah, my lady's faith is royal,
Though she be not lightly wooed ;
And am I her vassal loyal
Of each changeful April mood.

LUCIAN.

Constant mine, of faith unbroken,
Though she shine remote and far,
Turn I toward her shining token,
As the needle seeks the star.

BONIFACE.

Moves the heart-strings as a measure
Of some laughing, dancing strain ;
Vibrates to impassioned pleasure
With an afterthought of pain.

LUCIAN.

Isolate as pine-trees tower,
Rooted deep and branching high ;
Fearless, though the heavens lower ;
Trustful, reaching to the sky !

BONIFACE.

Mine looks through her downcast lashes,
Pensive, shyly, as a nun.

LUCIAN.

Naught the glance of mine abashes,
Brave as eaglet meets the sun.
She is all-erect and queenly,
Strong of purpose, high of thought —

BONIFACE.

Blossoms mine apart, serenely,
Like the violet, dearly sought.

LUCIAN.

E'en in speech a bit audacious,
Keen, as east wind cuts the mist.

BONIFACE.

Honey-sweet Her words, from gracious
Lips that famish to be kissed.

LUCIAN.

Mine, Athene-wise, is mighty —
Wit her sceptre, man her slave.

BONIFACE.

Mine, though coy, like Aphrodite,
Kiss would ask for kiss she gave.

ALL.

Strange how varies the complexion
Of, to each, a perfect thing !
Each, it seems, would paint perfection ;
Yet how widely differing !

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

When I sing my peerless Daphne —
[*They stop short and look at each other.*]

BONIFACE.

Daphne ! What do you mean, sir ?

LUCIAN.

How dare you, sir ? Daphne, indeed !

ALL.

Daphne !

DAPHNE.

[*In the distance.*] Who calls Daphne ?

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

Daphne !

ALL.

Daphne !

Daphne.

DAPHNE.

[*Coming from the chateau.*] Is it a dream,
or do I hear his voice repeating Daphne?

FAT FAIRY.

Whose voice, Miss? Explain.

BONIFACE.

[*Pushes LUCIAN toward DAPHNE.*] Go
to, sirrah. Win her for me!

DAPHNE.

Lucian, my own! [*Falls into his arms.*

BONIFACE.

[*Furious.*] What is the meaning of this?

DAPHNE.

Boniface, my only! Was it a jealous ickle
sing, then? [*Falls into his arms.*

LUCIAN.

[*Furious.*] This is beyond bearing! You
described an insipid book-of-beauty heroine.
How did I know you meant Daphne?

BONIFACE.

You ranted about a New England tin-type
— how could I tell you meant Daphne?

[LUCIAN, BONIFACE, *and* DAPHNE *sing.*]

LUCIAN.

You in terms absurdly flighty
Spoke of her as Aphrodite,
April, violet, and nun —

BONIFACE.

You with accent hightly-tightly
Mentioned pine-trees, Pallas mighty,
Eaglet, east wind, all in one !

DAPHNE.

Strange how varies the complexion
Of, to each, a perfect thing !
Each, it seems, would paint perfection ;
Yet how widely differing !

ALL.

One in terms absurdly flighty
Spoke of her as Aphrodite,
April, violet, and nun.
One with accent hightly-tightly
Mentioned pine-trees, Pallas mighty,
Eaglet, east wind, all in one !

LUCIAN.

You, a poet shandy-pated,
Spoke in terms exaggerated,
Her to stars and flowers mated,
Goddesses and fiddle-strings !

BONIFACE.

You in wisdom overrated
Somewhat lengthily dilated
(While I most politely waited)
On all sorts of foolish things !

DAPHNE.

[She takes the centre of the stage, as the leading lady has a perfect right to do at a crisis, and sings, while every one else hearkens respectfully.]

Each would tell the self-same story,
Colored each with different art,—
Dwells my beauty's rainbow glory
Only in the artist's heart ?

Love, it seems, hath fairy glasses,
Love a magic charm bestows,
Beauty gives to homely lasses,
Gilds the lily, paints the rose.

What if when the dream is over
Time should prick the airy cheat,
Kill the love and steal the lover
Now a captive at my feet ?

ALL.

One, a poet shandy-pated,
Spoke in terms exaggerated,

Her to stars and flowers mated,
Goddesses and fiddle-strings.
One in wisdom overrated
Somewhat lengthily dilated
(While we most politely waited)
On all sorts of foolish things !

LUCIAN.

Perfidious, fidious Daphne ! Explain the cause of this frightful complication ! No offence, brother [*to BONIFACE*].

ALL.

Yes, explain !

DAPHNE.

It is all so sweetly simple ! Sent from Arcadia in my childhood, I was educated in a New England college — that is why I am so superior to these, my simple compatriots. You, Lucian, were my teacher. You taught me to think, reason, and observe the stars, and to love learning in any form, particularly your own. But my troth had been previously plighted to Boniface. We were born on the same day of the week, in the same village, and, oddly enough, on the same planet. His parents dying soon after in great affluence, my poor but honest parents promptly adopted him and betrothed him to me. Thus.

[Daphne and Boniface sit with their arms about each other ; the others group themselves appropriately, the shepherdesses cuddling their crooks, wrapped up, like babies, in their aprons.]

DAPHNE AND BONIFACE.

[*Sing.*]

Two cherubic heads down-pressed,
On one pillow soft they lie,
Birdlings sheltered in one nest,
Cradled with one lullaby.

ALL.

Wonder not the friends of both
(Rocking, rocking, side by side)
Plighted then their future troth,
Infant bridegroom, baby bride ! [*Rocking.*]

DAPHNE.

Hither brought by rainbow ships
From the past, whence babies come,
Greeted by a mother's lips,
Darling nestlings, safe at home ;
When the rainbow sails are furled,
Anchored in a tender clasp,
See they glimpses of a world
That eludes maturer grasp ?
Are those rounded baby eyes
Innocent — or strangely wise ?

ALL.

Are those rounded baby eyes
Innocent — or strangely wise ?

LUCIAN.

Does the man-child's vision limn
How the quickening pulses leap ?
How the conflict waits for him —
Him a nestling warm with sleep ?

SHEPHERDS.

[*Softly.*]

Baby-soul all holy-white
As the wool we wrap you in,
Dream you how the angels fight,
Claiming you from powers of sin ?

FAT FAIRY.

Does the girl-babe's dream forebode
Changes of her coming years,
Mysteries of maidenhood,
Hopings, yearnings, aye, and tears ?

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Softly.*]

Sleeping downy wraps beneath,
Dainty thing, with dimpled toes,
Can the rosebud in its sheath
Feel the triumph of the rose ?

DAPHNE, FAT FAIRY, BONIFACE, AND LUCIAN.

Presages the fertile field,
Seed-strown in the early spring,
Glories of the harvest yield
In the time of laboring?
Can the streamlets at their source,
Down the mountains laughing free,
Feel the mighty river's force
As it draws them to the sea?

ALL.

Two cherubic heads down-pressed,
On one pillow soft they lie,
Birdlings sheltered in one nest,
Cradled with one lullaby.
Wonder not the friends of both
(Rocking, rocking, side by side)
Plighted then their future troth,
Infant bridegroom, baby bride!

[The shepherdesses, escorted by the shepherds, steal out on tiptoe, rocking and hushing their crooks.]

LUCIAN.

This cannot go on forever.

DAPHNE.

That was the last verse. [*To FAT FAIRY, who is yawning loudly.*] Must you go, dear?

FAT FAIRY.

No, no, don't mind me. I love to feel that I'm a martyr to my duty !

DAPHNE.

Oh, but consider, this dew and your rheumatism ! [*To the others.*] I must get rid of her. There'll be a moon in a few minutes.

FAT FAIRY.

Good gracious, I feel a twinge already ! Good-night, everybody.

[*Bounces off into chateau.*]

LUCIAN.

[*To BONIFACE.*] We might match pennies for her. I'll be head and you be tails.

BONIFACE.

Tails ? Certainly not ; I'm a poet, not a wag. Tails, indeed !

LUCIAN.

Then, brother, you must die !

DAPHNE.

Not at all. I love you both — you both love me. Therefore, you love each other, which was to be proved. Is n't this fun ?

[*Takes an arm of each.*]

Daphne.

LUCIAN.

It would be, my angel, if—

BONIFACE.

Angel? Aha, that's one for me!

LUCIAN.

I take it back. Unangel!—You see, my—my—Miss, I should say—you see we have sworn each to court you for the other—or die in the attempt!

DAPHNE.

[*Clasps her hands.*] Enchanting! Why don't you begin? I wish the moon would wax along—though we could do it in the dark. [*Coyly.*

BONIFACE.

[*Pushes LUCIAN toward DAPHNE.*] Go to, sirrah! Say something pretty in my name!

LUCIAN.

[*Pushes BONIFACE toward DAPHNE.*] Kiss her for me, you dog!

DAPHNE.

This is very slow. [*Makes to go.*] Good-night.

LUCIAN.

Oh, stay awhile! I ask it in Boniface's name.
[*He seizes her hand.*]

BONIFACE.

Yes, stay, my — somebody else's darling, I mean. Lucian on bended knee implores.
[*He kneels and seizes her other hand.*]

LUCIAN.

Are you squeezing her hand, viper?

BONIFACE.

Certainly not, rattlesnake.

DAPHNE.

You are a little, darling [*to BONIFACE*]. But it counts for you, pet [*to LUCIAN*]. There, now it's about equal! Ah, how happy I am to think how happy I make you both. Come, court me!

[*BONIFACE, LUCIAN, and DAPHNE sing.*]

BONIFACE.

I woo with rhyme,
[*DAPHNE leans her head on his shoulder.*]

LUCIAN.

I with reason.
[*DAPHNE leans her head on his shoulder.*]

DAPHNE.

Reason wins in time,
Rhyme wins in season !

BONIFACE.

Reas'nable sage,
Love's tender treason
Mocketh at age,
Fleeth from reason !

LUCIAN.

Rhythmical youth,
Treason's a crime,
Reason is truth,
Truth is n't rhyme !

DAPHNE, BONIFACE, AND LUCIAN.

Oh, Love enchanting, Love sublime,
Love fugitive, that flees on,
Were't best to woo and win in time,
Or win and wed in season ?
[*They dance in minuet time.*

LUCIAN.

Love's tender catechism
Out-rhymes rhyme !

BONIFACE.

Love's own syllogism
Out-reasons time !

DAPHNE.

Time hath its limit —
Limitless, Love ;
Rhyme cannot hymn it,
Nor reason prove !

DAPHNE, BONIFACE, AND LUCIAN.

O Love elusive, Love sublime,
O bird of flight, that flees on,
The poet salts your tail with rhyme,
The sage with salter season !

*[They dance in minuet time, and if encored
with sufficient vehemence, they sing.]*

O Love, sweet bird of Eden's clime,
This truth each heart agrees on,
Not caught by reason, truth, or rhyme,
You come in your own season !

FAT FAIRY.

*[With her head in a night-cap, calls out of
window.]* Ahem ! Daphne !

DAPHNE.

Coming, dear ! — Tiresome old thing ; just
as we were getting on so nicely ! Good-
night, my equally beloved belovèds.

LUCIAN.

No trifling impartial pledge of fidelity to

both? Not even one little three-cornered kiss?

DAPHNE.

Why not? One, two, three, and away.
[BONIFACE and LUCIAN kiss her simultaneously.]

BONIFACE.

[To LUCIAN.] Adder! It is like your cheek!

DAPHNE.

My cheek, poppet. I will turn the other.
[*She does so, and they kiss her again.*] There!
Two heads are better than one, after all.

FAT FAIRY.

[*At window.*] Ahem!

LUCIAN.

In the name of thunder, how long is this to last?

DAPHNE.

Till either, by the ardor of his attentions, compels me to accept the other. Your courting has been decidedly amateurish to-night, but to-morrow I dare say you will improve.

LUCIAN.

O Daphne, swear that you will only dream of Boniface?

BONIFACE.

No, no. I hesitate to wish you a nightmare — but if you will only dwell on Lucian's imperfections in your sleep — Viper! Academic viper! Ugh!

DAPHNE.

Oh, hush, beloved! Promises, vows, what are they all but empty breath; and dreams are but the lawless soothsayers of sleep! How fair the night! Does it not breathe forth a great impartial all-embracing love? And so I love you both! [*At this moment the crescent moon opportunely appears in the proper quarter of the heavens.*] And see! Strange unexpected token of our covenant, the crescent moon! Mark how the tides in bondage follow her! And so with us — I am to you both as moon to tide.

[She takes Boniface's hand, and sings, while Lucian's countenance expresses the emotions proper to any young man under the same circumstances, and the Fat Fairy again puts her night-capped head out of the window.]

[*Sings.*]

How fair the night!
In sky and sea the crescent moon how bright!
Did sea and sky

Perchance a silver sixpence break
For sweet Love's sake ?
But you and I
No vows did make,
For well we knew
What empty things are words
When hearts are true !
Ah, sweet, how fair the night !

DAPHNE AND BONIFACE.

How fair the night !
In sky and sea the crescent moon how bright !
Did sea and sky
Perchance a silver sixpence break
For sweet Love's sake ?

DAPHNE, BONIFACE, FAT FAIRY, AND LUCIAN.

But you and I
No vows did make,
For well we knew
What empty things are words
When hearts are true !
Ah, sweet, how fair the night !

DAPHNE.

[*Taking LUCIAN's hand.*]

How fair the night !
As sea to sky throws back that arch of light !
Did sky for sea

That covenant set on her breast
At Love's behest ?
For you and me
Were vain such quest ;
Full well we know
Our faith unpledged can but more lasting grow !
Ah, love, how fair the night !

DAPHNE AND LUCIAN.

How fair the night !
As sea to sky throws back that arch of light !
Did sky for sea
That covenant set on her breast
At Love's behest ?

DAPHNE, LUCIAN, BONIFACE, AND FAT FAIRY.

For you and me
Were vain such quest ;
Full well we know
Our faith unpledged can but more lasting grow !
Ah, love, how fair the night !

DAPHNE.

[*Speaks.*] And now, good-night, my
equally beloved belovèds ! [*She goes into the
chateau kissing her hand to both.*]

LUCIAN.

I can't stand this any longer. It was n't
for this share-and-share-alike business I left

my chair in a peaceful New England college !

BONIFACE.

If you can't stand it, go back to your chair ! Serpent !

LUCIAN.

Worm ! [*They fall upon each other, fighting.*
All the SHEPHERDS rush in.]

ROBIN.

Have the heavens fallen ?

DAMON.

No, no. Only one star differeth from another star !

SHEPHERDS.

[*Sing.*]

Brothers lately sworn, they wrestle,
Pulverizing each the other,
Like pills compounded with a pestle ;
Brother atomized by brother !

ROBIN.

Shall we interfere ?

BONIFACE.

Wish you would !

ROBIN.

Bid them reason hear ?

DAMON.

What 's the good ?
They enjoy it without doubt.

LUCIAN.

Do we, though !

SHEPHERDS.

Let them fight it, fight it out !

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

No, no, no !

SHEPHERDS.

We will see fair play,
Singing, soothing and low,
Fight away, fight away,
With your hey hilly ho,
Your hey hilly, ho hilly,
Hey hilly, ho hilly,
Hey hilly, hi hilly, ho !

[A newsboy is heard, calling, "Evenin'
papers !" The shepherds all run toward
him as he enters.]

BONIFACE.

[*Wiping his brow.*] Lend me a nickel,
brother.

LUCIAN.

[*Giving him coin.*] With pleasure.

NEWSBOY.

[*Sings.*]

Evenin' papers, evenin' papers !
All the latest mundane capers !
Scandal whispered, slander spoken,
All the ten commandments broken !
Latest fashions fresh from Paris !
Some one 's dead and some one marries !
Forty pages illustrated,
Not one whit exaggerated,
News that happened years ago.
If you see it here, 't is so !

BONIFACE.

[*Buying paper.*] You can keep the change,
sonny.

NEWSBOY.

Thankee, sir !

[*Goes.*]

BONIFACE.

[*Reads.*] " Cheap excursion ! Cut-throat
rates ! " The hand of Providence is in this.
I leave Arcadia to-night !

LUCIAN.

[*Chuckles.*] Do !

BONIFACE.

You could n't advance me a trifle, brother? Twenty, for instance. Never mind; if you have n't anything smaller, I can do with fifty.

LUCIAN.

[*Gives him money.*] Anything to get rid of him!

BONIFACE.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder!

LUCIAN.

Yes — of those present. I stay.

BONIFACE.

In which case the affection you earn goes to me. You did n't think of that, did you?
[*Pocketing money.*]

LUCIAN.

Thief! Give me back that money! [*They fight, and the bill is torn in two, each getting a piece.*]

BONIFACE.

Now you'll have to come, too.

DAMON.

We will all go. The shepherdesses have

flouted us this many a day. Let them see
how they like it without us, say I.

ALL.

And I !

[BONIFACE, LUCIAN, *and* SHEPHERDS *sing*.]

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

To a far foreign, far foreign land
Let us hie,
You and I !

SHEPHERDS.

Oh, yes, and the whole shepherd band !

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

On Daphne, the queen shepherdess,
The effect
Of neglect
Let us try,
You and I !

SHEPHERDS.

Oh, yes,
To all of the shepherdess train,
Caviare
That we are !
We have thought so again and again !

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

In the night, like the night we'll depart !

SHEPHERDS.

Softly glide
Like the tide !

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

Our absence may soften her heart !
No token, no sign, let us leave,
Nor address !

SHEPHERDS.

Oh, yes ;
Then how they will miss us and grieve !

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

For longest to earth is the day,
Gentle nun,
When the sun
From its earth-queen is farthest away !

ALL.

Ah, longest to earth is the day,
Gentle nuns,
When your suns
From their earth-queens are farthest away !

[They all shoulder their crooks as if about
to depart. Lucian kisses his hand with
a loud smack to Daphne's window.
Boniface turns hastily.]

LUCIAN.

[*Guiltily.*] I was only killing a mosquito !

BONIFACE.

Suppose we serenade her ?

LUCIAN.

The mosquito ? She 's dead !

BONIFACE.

No ; Daphne.

LUCIAN.

She 's asleep, so what 's the good ?

BONIFACE.

Art for art's sake always. *Also, meine Herrschaft*, stand by !

[*All group themselves beneath DAPHNE'S window.*]

BONIFACE.

[*Sings.*]

Pillowed lying white and saintly
 Where her breath comes soft and warm,
 Song of mine, go, — touch her faintly,
 Troubling not her maiden dorm !

Woodbine, sweet as ænomel is,
 Since my voice she may not hear,

Set your foot upon the trellis ;
Breathe my message in her ear !

Jasmine stars of moonlit amber,
Look you where I may not peep ;
Lightly to her casement clamber,
Cast your fragrance on her sleep.

Wind that stirs yon silken tassel,
Lay your lips not on her cheek —
Kiss the hand that I, her vassal,
Fain would kiss, but dare not seek.

Countless stars, upon her slumber
Throw, like prayers, your holy light —
Countless — yet my vows outnumber
All the stars that crown the night !

[*Orchestral interlude.*

[*With increasing vehemence.*]

The moon like a silver sickle
Is mowing the star-strown sky.
O maid, forgetful — or fickle —
Good-bye ! [*Removes cap.*]
I bid you good-bye !

ALL.

[*Very loud.*]

Good-bye !

BONIFACE.

I worshipped mickle
Your rosebud face,
Forgetting the prickle
That guards your grace.

ALL.

Her rosebud face
He worshipped mickle.
Did n't he know that roses prickle ?
[*Surprised.*]

LUCIAN.

[*Severely.*]

The plucker forswears the rose
Since the rose the plucker would prickle !

BONIFACE.

Bloom on within your garden fair,
While I — I go — I know not where !
False flower, why should you feign to care
That your lover is standing nigh,
With a swan-song note of profound despair,
Singing, Good-bye,
Forever, Good-bye !

ALL.

[*Very loud.*]

Good-bye !

[*Orchestral interlude while all recover breath.*]

BONIFACE.

The rose that budded in June
Hath withered before July.
Since you could forget so soon,
Good-bye !
I bid you good-bye !

ALL.

Good-bye !

BONIFACE.

You promised last June
To be my bride.
You were to me as moon to tide !

ALL.

To be his bride
She promised last June.
He was to her as tide to moon !
[Telling one another.]

LUCIAN.

Perfidious bride !
Inconstant moon !
Since the moon can forget the tide,
The tide cuts loose from the moon !

BONIFACE.

Sleep on within your silken nest !
Break not, O moon, your golden rest !
Cold planet, why should you be distressed

That the tide is surging high,
With a passionate heart in its heaving breast,
Roaring, Good-bye !
Forever, Good-bye !
Good-bye !

ALL.

Cold planet, why should you be distressed
That the tide is surging high,
With a passionate heart in its heaving breast,
Roaring, Good-bye !
Forever, Good-bye !
GOOD-BYE !

[Tremendous clash of instruments and quick curtain. Second picture, if the audience demands it, shows Boniface and Lucian, followed by the shepherds, marching away up the hills, and Daphne and the shepherdesses, in white cutty-sarks, peeping out of window.]

DAPHNE.

As if any one could sleep through such a noise as that !

[END OF ACT I.]

ACT II.

[A short interval of time is supposed to have elapsed since the end of the first act. The curtain rises to seductive music, and discloses an attractive spot in the domain of Gumbo, the Fiji monarch. A sign-post indicates the direction of Arcadia and that of Gumbo's palace, the walls of which are visible. There are hay-cocks in the offing, and a wind-mill beside a stream. Boniface, who is covered with flour, assisted by some Fijis, is carrying a sack of flour out of the mill. Exhausted, he sits on the sack, whereon the Fijis seat themselves also. Sally is rinsing clothes in the stream. Soon she comes up and ties a clothes-line from the sign-post to a tree, and pegs out a row of black stockings, meanwhile casting coquettish glances at Boniface.]

BONIFACE AND FIJIS.

[*Sing.*]

Mill in meadow where river comes winding;
Water turns wheel, and wheel does the
grinding.

Miller of tradition, jolly and hearty,
Always a well-to-do, easy-going party —
Always ready to while away an hour.

Farmer grows the wheat, and wheat makes
flour;

Never by cares of business opprest,

Water turns wheel, and wheel does the rest.

Um-um, um-um, um-um-um-um-um-um.

[*During the chorus they turn their thumbs.*

Miller of tradition always has a daughter ;

Water runs by mill, and mill's run by water.

Listen to the wheel go splash-splish-splash-
ing !

Miller need never his spirit be fashing.

Wheel grinds flour and drops it into sacks ;

(Miller so good-natured his morals may be lax).

Miller's boy weighs sacks when he has leis-
ure ;

Miller does n't mind if he gives good measure.

[*Chorus as before.*

Water comes merrily rushing by in spring,

Water turns wheel, so miller likes to sing.

River dries up as soon as summer comes,

Wheel stops turning, and miller turns his
thumbs.

Soon as 't is winter, river freezes up,

Mill cannot work, so miller eases up ;

River comes hurrying by in the fall,

Mill works, and miller need n't work at all.

[*Chorus as before.*

Work, folks complain, "is one demnition grind ;"

Wheel does the grinding, so miller does n't mind.

Listen to the wheel go splash-plish-plashing !

Miller need never his spirit be fashing ;

Easy his conscience, peaceful his breast,

Miller does the resting and mill does the rest !

Winter and summer, spring-time or fall,

Mill works and miller never works at all !

[*Chorus as before.*]

BONIFACE.

And now, my good fellows, get to work again ! Remember that the secret of success is to stick to one's trade ! I only wish my trade would n't stick so confoundedly to me ! [*The FIJIS retire, and BONIFACE brushes the flour from his coat.*]

CHEF.

[*Comes from the palace singing.*]

Oh, it's baking and brewing by morning,

And ovens that sizzle and burn,

And sauce at a two-minutes' warning,

And roasts to be done to a turn !

[*He helps himself to flour from sack.*] Some

flour for my pie-crust ! O young man, young man, why do you always idle away your time ?

BONIFACE.

And why not, Cooky ?

CHEF.

All I can say, sir, is that if Gumbo catches you at it — he's such a disciplinarian ! You know what became of your predecessor ?

BONIFACE.

Cooky, I am but a poor poet, but I promise you an MS. volume of my works — a priceless gift, I assure you — if you will help me escape from this lurid country and get back to Arcadia ; for do what I will, I cannot find the way.

CHEF.

Arcadia ! Arcadia ! I fancy I was born there. Dim visions of it come back to me sometimes when things go particularly well, as, for instance, when the gravy is lyric in its excellence, or His Majesty has praised the soup.

BONIFACE.

Eh, Cooky, you are one of us !

CHEF.

Oh, no, sir ! But once I nearly fell asleep while chopping suet, and I dreamed that I was dead and back there again. It is a pleasant country, — is it not, sir ? — where people live on sweets without satiety —

BONIFACE.

Yes, yes !

CHEF.

And dance to merry music, and do not worry about the pastry —

BONIFACE.

No, no !

CHEF.

And where everybody loves everybody —

BONIFACE.

Yes, yes ! No — not quite everybody — or sometimes too much everybody. That is why I came away ! *[Bursts into tears.*

CHEF.

[Pats him on the back.] There, there ! I myself, when in knickerbockers — she was a slim child of ten — but she took to ballet-dancing. Come, cheer up ! I'll send you out a marrow-bone to peck at, and a little curly tart !

BONIFACE.

Stay and talk to me about Arcadia. The marrow-bone can come later.

[*Weeps on CHEF's shoulder.*]

CHEF.

Lord preserve us, man, you're crying into the flour, and my paste will be too salt; and it's as much as my place is worth, let alone my life! Oh, my! Oh, my!

[*Skips into palace, singing.*]

There is steaming and stewing by daytime,
And lobsters just fresh from the sea,
And plotting at pastry for playtime,
And roasts to be done to a T!

BONIFACE.

Unfeeling brute! [*Calls after him.*] Don't forget the marrow-bone! [*Sits.*] O Daphne, Daphne! I shall never look at a woman again. [*Buries his face in his hands.*]

SALLY.

High-ho!

BONIFACE.

[*Looks up.*] Is that a storm rising? No, it is only Sally displaying her high hose!

[*Buries face again.*]



SALLY

“Displaying her high hose.”

LUCIAN.

[*Wrapped in long cloak comes from palace; soliloquizes.*] If I could only find my way from this accursed spot —

BONIFACE.

[*To himself.*] O Daphne!

LUCIAN.

[*To himself.*] Daphne, Daphne, the very woods re-echo that beloved name! She is the only woman in the world for me. Daphne!

SALLY.

[*Sees LUCIAN.*] Here comes t' other. Now for the loudest in my repertory. HIGH-HO!

LUCIAN.

Eh? [*Sees SALLY.*] I always did prefer to scan a clothes-line to anything in Homer, particularly when — [*Ogles SALLY.*]

BONIFACE.

[*To himself.*] Decidedly, there is something very captivating in Sally's way of hanging out the wash!

[*Sally sings, and Boniface and Lucian listen from opposite sides of the stage, each unseen by the other.*]

SALLY.

The rose gives kisses on credit
To zephyr, frolic and free.
By you, O rose, he has sped it,
That you might give it to me.
A kiss !

Ah, what does it mean ?
Ah, zephyr ! Ah, rose ! Ah, me !
In twinkling stars I 've read it
As plainly as plain could be.
My heart and the rose have said it,
But when will *he* say it to me ?

I wonder
When will he say it to me !

[*Dances, using the clothes-pegs like castanets.*

On your crimson lips I press it,
Queen rose, so stately and slim.
If envious zephyr assess it,
Why, nestle it closer for him !
A kiss !

If you know what it mean,
Go, whisper it, zephyr, to him !
And the twinkling stars will guess it,
And laugh when the day grows dim.
Sh, rose ! If I confess it,
Why — never a word to him !

I wonder
When may I tell it to him !

[*She dances as before.*

Daphne.

High-ho ! High-tooly-looral !

[*Goes on hanging out the wash.*]

LUCIAN.

Brava, brava !

[*Going to her.*]

BONIFACE.

O Sally, what a poetic, high-strung temperament is yours — and to think I never realized it till this minute !

[*Going to her.*]

LUCIAN.

Really, Sally, — I never noticed it till now, — but you are far from unattractive. And your heels, Sally, at times are quite above your ordinary walk in life !

BONIFACE.

Confound the beggar's impudence, whoever he is ! I say, Sally —

SALLY.

I thought the stocking act 'ud fetch 'em !
[*Affects great surprise on seeing LUCIAN.*] Lor, sir, how you did startle me ! And you, sir [to BONIFACE] ! I never dreamed that you were there !

LUCIAN.

[*Not recognizing BONIFACE.*] I beg your pardon, sir !

[Lucian elbows Boniface away, and tries to put his arm round Sally, an incident which shows that the heart of man in sentimental straits is yet susceptible of consolation.]

[BONIFACE, LUCIAN, *and* SALLY *sing.*]

BONIFACE.

[*Pushing* LUCIAN *away.*]

Tilly-vally, smicker boy,
With my Sally would you toy —
With my Sally, jimp and coy?
Much you do my soul annoy!
Tilly-vally!

LUCIAN.

Here no longer shilly-shally,
Nor with Sally dilly-dally!
Back to your ancestral bally
Walk, most energetically.
Tilly-vally!

[*He pushes* BONIFACE.

SALLY.

It would seem the cases tally,
You and you — you both love Sally.
Me — a lily of the valley,
Just a little simple Sally.
Tilly-vally!

LUCIAN AND BONIFACE.

Right you are, the cases tally,
Though a lily of the valley,
Most enthusiastically
Do we love you, simple Sally.
Tilly-vally !

ALL THREE.

Right ^{you}_{they} are, the cases tally,
Though a lily of the valley,
Most enthusiastically
Do ^{we}_{they} love ^{you,}_{me,} simple Sally.
Tilly-vally !

BONIFACE.

Tilly-vally — press your claim ;
I can see your wicked game ;
She will love me all the same ;
Thus alone my scorn I frame,
Tilly-vally !

LUCIAN.

Sally is my only claim
(Sarah is her real name) ;
I shall press her just the same ;
Thus — and so ! [*Arm round SALLY.*]

SALLY.

[*Escaping.*]

Oh, fie ! For shame !

Tilly-vally !

ALL.

Sally is ^{my} _{your} only claim(Sarah is ^{my} _{her} real name) ;^I _{you} shall press ^{her} _{me} just the same ;

Thus — and so.

Oh, fie ! For shame !

Tilly-vally !

BONIFACE.

[*Falling on* LUCIAN.] Viper ! Adder ! Rattlesnake !

LUCIAN.

Hold ! Where do I know that voice — those old caressing epithets ? What ! Boniface ?

BONIFACE.

Lucian ? It *is* Lucian !

LUCIAN.

Yes, it *is* Lucian, tricked out in the discarded waterproof of a Boston missionary — thank Heaven, my Sophomores cannot see me ! — but the night we were taken captive,

I represented myself to Gumbo as ambassador extraordinary from the United States, and he made me wear this as robe of office!

[SALLY *listens intently*.

BONIFACE.

The mill had gone on strike, so he set me to milling. No wonder you failed to recognize in me Boniface the Beautiful! If only there were some means of escaping from this place — but —

LUCIAN.

You have no means. Nor I. And I can't recall the way. I wonder what became of our comrades.

BONIFACE.

Killed in the skirmish, no doubt, poor lads! I did not wait to see.

LUCIAN.

Poor lads! But that comes of not going to college. My academic legs are my strongest point. They carried me through the curriculum and got me my degree.

BONIFACE.

I wonder if Daphne misses us!

SALLY.

[*Overhearing.*] Daphne? Who's Daphne?

LUCIAN.

Pining at our absence, no doubt. Sweet girl! I cannot bear to think of her anxiety.

[*They link arms and walk away, forgetting SALLY.*]

SALLY.

What! Me, a lily of the valley, clean forgot! [*Wipes eyes on wash.*] Daphne, indeed! If ever I get hold of their Daphne, I'll make things pleasant for her, won't I just! High-ho! High-tooly-looral!

[Daphne, the Fat Fairy, and all the shepherdesses run on in great confusion, frightened and panting for breath.]

DAPHNE, FAT FAIRY, AND SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Sing.*]

Oh, was it a cow with a crumpled horn,
Or a martial horse with a switching tail,
Or a herd of geese, or a shoal of fawn,
Or an ostrich,

Tiger,

Mule,

Or whale?

[*With their parasols.*] Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!

SALLY.

She's another Daphne !

FAT FAIRY.

I don't mind spiritual affliction, but when it comes to mice or caterpillars I'm such a timid little sprite !

SALLY.

And you're an unabridged full-blown Daphne, you are !

DAPHNE.

[To FAT FAIRY.] Now if you're going to be a wet blanket, you had better go home !

SALLY.

And she's the Daphniest of the lot !

FAT FAIRY.

I'm *not* a wet blanket. In other people's misfortunes I'm a regular little streak of sunshine. But I do not want to be gored to death by a mad bull. Besides, it would be better to be a living wet blanket than a dead streak of sunshine any day ! [Whimpers.]

DAPHNE.

Courage, dear companions. Do you not realize that under the pretext of seeking

Boniface and Lucian we are enjoying the luxury of foreign travel?

SALLY.

Boniface and Lucian! Aha!

DAPHNE.

Get out the guide-book, Phyllis, and see if we ought not soon to strike a cathedral or a ruin.

FAT FAIRY.

I 'd sooner strike a restaurant!

DAPHNE.

As soon as Boniface and Lucian left, I realized how little real affection I entertained for both of them put together. Now one substantial husband in the hand would be worth twenty impecunious lovers in the bush!

[SHEPHERDESSES *shriek*.

PHYLLIS.

Did you say you saw something in the bush?

FAT FAIRY.

Shoo! Shoo!

DAPHNE.

Peace, my silly-sillies, and take heart, for who knows what the future holds for us?

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Wave parasols.*] Hooray ! Who knows ?

SALLY.

[*Apart, vindictively.*] Yes, who knows ?DAPHNE, FAT FAIRY, PHYLLIS, MARIGOLD,
AND SHEPHERDESSES.[*Sing.*]

O tale untold ! O world unknown !
 O golden time that is to be !
 O day unborn ! O rose unblown !
 Come, tell your message quick to me !
 Who comes from out that loutain land
 Where amaranth immortal grows,
 To woo my heart and win my hand ?
 Who knows ? Ah, me ! Who knows ?

Oh, will he ride a fiery steed,
 And come with clank of sword and spur,
 With dauntless will and daring deed,
 To storm my heart — as if hearts were
 Fortresses, held by stubborn foes ?
 Shall I, to prove him, hold the field,
 Resisting, — while I long to yield ?
 Who knows ? Ah, me ! Who knows ?

Or, like Sir Galahad, hath sworn
 To things divine his spotless youth ;

Upon his brow the light of morn,
Within his soul the soul of truth?
Shall I to him my heart disclose,
As mignonette must give her sweet,
Lest one pass by with heedless feet?
Who knows? Ah, me! Who knows?

And will he come in brave attire,
With power, rank, and broad demesne;
Or only rich in sacred fire,
High thoughts that make men kings of men?
And it my diadem shall be
That me of all the world he chose,
For life, love, heaven? Yet, ah, me!
Who knows? Ah, me! Who knows?

DAPHNE.

And now let us proceed. We can practice
foreign tongues on the natives!

SALLY.

Unless they practice their native teeth on
you first, my lady! [*To herself.*]

FAT FAIRY.

[*Sees the wash.*] Shoo! Shoo!

DAPHNE.

[*Severely.*] I beg your pardon?

FAT FAIRY.

I only said shoo — *a propos de bottes*, don't you know? I saw stockings, and that naturally made me say shoo. Shoes and stockings, don't you know?

DAPHNE.

At any rate, if there is a wash there must be wearers. You often hear of people without clothes, but you never heard of clothes without people!

SALLY.

Oh, I'll Daphne you! [*Very loud.*] High-ho! High-tooly-looral!

[*All look round and see* SALLY.]

DAPHNE.

High-ho! High-tooly-looral! I wonder what language that is. Suppose you go ask her [*to* FAT FAIRY].

FAT FAIRY.

No, you do. Your accent is ever so much better than mine.

DAPHNE.

No, you do.

[They contend, as do ladies in a street-car as to who shall pay the conductor, and it ends by all pushing the Fat Fairy toward Sally.]

[FAT FAIRY *and* SALLY *sing.*]

FAT FAIRY.

O little maid,
In costume truly rural
Why in the shade
Do you sing tooly-looral?

ALL.

High-ho! High-tooly-looral!

SALLY.

O person staid,
Long since a blossom mural,
When in the shade
Why *not* sing tooly-looral?

ALL.

High-ho! High-tooly-looral!

FAT FAIRY.

O saucy jade,
With accent non-*cæsural*.
What ambuscade
Lies hid in tooly-looral?

ALL.

High-ho! High-tooly-looral!

SALLY.

You, in life's shade,
 With ear for song aneural,
 Do not upbraid
 My tuneful tooly-looral !

ALL.

High-ho ! High-tooly-looral !
 Do not evade
 With meaningless obscural.
 Pray call a spade
 A spade, not tooly-looral !
 High-ho ! High-tooly-looral !
 Is this Port Said ?
 The Alps ? Or Mountains Ural ?
 Boulogne ? Belgrade ?
 Or just High-tooly-looral ?
 High-ho ! High-tooly-looral !

[SALLY runs up to the sign-post and points
 to the arm which says, "*Land of the Fijis.*"]

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Shriek.*] Fijis ! Oh !

DAPHNE.

Fear not ! Evidently civilization is on
 foot. [Points to stockings.]

SALLY.

Only knee-deep, though — Daphne !

DAPHNE.

And remember, every Lent we work them flannel petticoats and lunch-doylies !

SALLY.

Yes, and we sell 'em to summer tourists as native curiosities — Daphne !

DAPHNE.

And see, there is a mill ! They must eat bread !

SALLY.

Yes, sandwiches — Daphne ! [*She makes a frightful grimace, and all the SHEPHERDESSES shriek in wild affright.*]

DAPHNE.

I feel my courage rising with every new danger. Brave savages, how I long to meet them ! My pulses leap at the very thought of the encounter.

SALLY.

I'll go tell Gumbo they're here !

[*Runs to palace.*]

[Daphne sings, the shepherdesses play on their parasols with their crooks like violins, and the Fat Fairy plays up and down the clothes-line as if on the keyboard of a piano.]

[*DAPHNE and SHEPHERDESSES sing.*]

DAPHNE.

Oh, I'm going to sing to Fijis,
In strains so enchanting
That naught will be wanting
To bring them all down on their knees,
Their cannibal-nibble-ble knees!

SHEPHERDESSES.

We'll join in the chorus,
And how they'll adore us,
Those fatuous, foolish Fijis!

DAPHNE.

For I'm going to sing to Fijis-jis-jis!
In a musical go-as-you-please, please, please,
In chopped-up staccatos,
In throbbing vibratos,
Appassionatos,
Molto squeakissimo,
Piano pianissimo,
Forte fortissimo,
Crescendo rococos,
Allegro-con-fuocos.

This sweet hocus-pocus so jocose
I'll hurl at those vanquished Fijis !

SHEPHERDESSES.

This sweet hocus-pocus so jocose
We'll hurl at those vanquished Fijis !

DAPHNE.

Oh, I'm going to sing to Fijis !
You'll find they'll surrender
When *my* accents tender
Break forth into high upper C's !
Wagnerian high upper C's !

SHEPHERDESSES.

We'll echo your note,
And how we shall float
On the crest of those high-rolling seas !

DAPHNE.

For I'm going to sing to Fijis-jis-jis,
All over the pi-a-no keys, keys, keys,
 With wild bravura,
 And fioritura,
 Appogiatura,
 In tempo rubato,
 With flute obligato,
 Improvisato.
 In fuga canonic,

With scale diatonic,
This passion platonic, euphonic,
I'll hurl at those vanquished Fijis !

SHEPHERDESSES.

This passion platonic, euphonic,
We'll hurl at those vanquished Fijis !

DAPHNE.

Now let us advance boldly, and take the
palace by storm !

[They all put up their parasols and prepare to advance. Just then the palace door opens, and Gumbo and the Fijis come down in a procession, preceded by an execrable band of native music. The shepherdesses all shriek with fright and crouch down in a corner, huddled together under their parasols, which wobble with emotion every time Gumbo speaks.]

FIJIS.

[*Sing.*]

Hoky-poky, winky wang,
Fliggaty floggety, busky bang ;
Higgledy, piggedy, quiggledy quang,
The king of the Cannibal Islands.

[A camp-stool is placed for Gumbo, who sits to a violent chord, or discord, of music.]

GUMBO.

First of all, haul up that extraordinary ambassador. [LUCIAN *is brought before him.*] Well, sir, and what has your government to say for itself to-day ?

LUCIAN.

I just had a postal from it, your majesty. They are only waiting to get the country repapered, financially speaking, before they implore your exaltedness to annex it to your own domain !

GUMBO.

Very neat, sir. Live a little longer, while I dally with the thought.

[LUCIAN *bows and retires.*]

DAPHNE.

[*To* SHEPHERDESSES.] Lucian !

GUMBO.

Where's that miller-chap ? [BONIFACE *is produced.*] I'm not at all satisfied with the flour, lately, young man. The bread would be better if you didn't loaf so much ! [*To* FIJIS.] Well, have you nothing to say to that ?

FIJIS.

Oh, ha, ha, ha !

GUMBO.

I thought so ! Well, young man ?

BONIFACE.

Please, your grace, but 't is not my fault if the bread's poor. The flour's bolted.

GUMBO.

What ! [*Starts up.*] The flour's bolted ? Where to ? Every one go look for it. I offer a reward for its apprehension !

[*CHEF restrains GUMBO and whispers to him.*]

GUMBO.

What ! A joke, do you say ? The miller joking, forsooth ! Is it at my expense, sirrah ?

BONIFACE.

Not at all, sire. I make it a present to your H. R. H.

GUMBO.

Good. I'll work it up a bit and sell it myself to the papers !

[*BONIFACE bows and withdraws.*]

DAPHNE.

[*To SHEPHERDESSES.*] It is Boniface !

GUMBO.

And now let us think of dinner.

CHEF.

[*With menu.*] Where shall I begin, sire?

GUMBO.

With the soup. Soup first, as a matter of course! [*To FIJIS.*] Well?

FIJIS.

Oh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

CHEF.

[*Sings.*]

Item one on the bill of fare:

Consommé *à la* missionary;

Fowl, canvass-backed politicians

Served with capers;

Nuts, jokelets from the comic papers!

[*All groan.*]

Dessert,—I find it hard to vary,—

Tart, *à la* lady-missionary!

GUMBO.

I can't stand this much longer. You will lose your head—I mean literally—unless you devise something new.

CHEF.

I will look about me, sire ! [*Does so, and sees parasols.*] Ha ! an inspiration ! What does your majesty say to some nice, new-laid mushrooms ?

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Angry.*] Mushrooms, indeed !

FAT FAIRY.

Well, I 'm getting an attack of mushroom-
atism, or something, from this cramped position !

SHEPHERDESSES.

Sh !

GUMBO.

[*Looking at parasols, which instantly begin to flutter.*] Mushrooms ? Are you quite sure they are good ?

SHEPHERDESSES.

Are we good ? Oh !

CHEF.

Quite good, your majesty. They only behave this way for fear they shall be taken for toadstools !

SHEPHERDESSES.

Toadstools, indeed !

[*They stand up and sing.*]

We are little shepherdesses,
Copied out of books of beauty.
Combing out our golden tresses
Is our pleasing duty !

GUMBO.

Dear me ! How very extraordinary ! I
never heard of singing mushrooms before !

[Lucian and Boniface run toward each other
from opposite directions, while Daphne
and the shepherdesses are grouping
themselves in front of Gumbo.]

BONIFACE.

[*Drawing LUCIAN to one side, sings at
the top of his lungs.*]

Permit this whisper in the softest stage aside,
Yonder she stands — Daphnee, our mutual
bride !

LUCIAN.

[*Sings at the top of his lungs.*]

Strange ! Came I this same secret to confide,
That yonder stands Daphnee, our mutual
bride !

BOTH.

Our mutual bride ! Hush ! Let us hearken
if she keeps her troth

BONIFACE.

To me !

LUCIAN.

To you !

BONIFACE.

To you ?

LUCIAN.

To me !

BOTH.

To both !

GUMBO.

[*Sings, to SHEPHERDESSES.*]

Come here, my little dears !

FIJIS.

The term 's addressed to you !

SHEPHERDESSES.

What shall we do ?

GUMBO.

Lay aside your fears !

I'm really quite a tender-hearted feller,
So, pray, let each put down her sun-umbrella!

FAT FAIRY.

Best flatter him

With quaint and pleasing lie !

DAPHNE.

O monster grim !

GUMBO.

The term does not apply.
My conquests are — I blush to tell it — thrilling!
Some folks aver I 'm really quite too killing!

FIJIS.

His conquests are — he blushing tells it,
— thrilling!
His victims think he 's really quite too killing.

GUMBO.

Behold my subjects' abject loyalty!
Brave fellows! They would live or die for
me!

FIJIS.

[*Grovel and sing.*]

This squirming, wriggling motion that you see,
Not comfortable, but it 's loyalty.

DAPHNE.

Behold, O King, our maiden grief!

GUMBO.

Fear nothing. Tell me why!

FAT FAIRY.

[*To DAPHNE.*]

Get out your pocket-handkerchief!

DAPHNE.

[*Pretending to cry.*]

O King, have pity !

FAT FAIRY.

[*To DAPHNE.*]

Cry !

GUMBO.

[*Sighs heavily.*]

Ah, would that I might grant your wish !
I'm such a clement thing !

[*To CHEF.*]

Methinks they'll make a dainty dish
To set before a king !

FIJIS.

[*Smack their lips.*]

Yum, yum ! They'll make a dainty dish
To set before a king !
With all his savage tastes we don't agree ;
We echo them from abject loyalty.

[*They grovel.*]

DAPHNE.

Beneath your hideous savage guise
Lurks there no kindly heed ?

GUMBO.

Methinks her words more true than wise.

FIJIS.

They are.

GUMBO.

[To DAPHNE.]

But pray proceed !

DAPHNE.

We've wandered from far Arcady,
O King—

FAT FAIRY.

Our native place !

DAPHNE.

Seeking the shepherd company,
Lucian and Boniface.
And high and low and near and far
We've sought and sought in vain !
Forgotten we — or dead they are !

FAT FAIRY.

He's touched ! Cry hard again !

[SHEPHERDESSES *pretend to cry.*]

GUMBO.

Ah, not unmoved the royal ear
Hearkens your piteous woes !
Trickles the sympathetic tear
Adown the royal nose !

I am the softest-hearted chap
That ever trod the earth ;

[*Indulges in burst of grief.*]

Excuse me — but your hapless hap —
[*He is choked by emotion.*]

FAT FAIRY.

[*To SHEPHERDESSES.*]

Cry — cry for all you 're worth !

LUCIAN AND BONIFACE.

[*Apart.*]

Ah, maiden, constant to your tender oath !

LUCIAN.

She weeps for Lucian !

BONIFACE.

For Boniface !

BOTH.

For both !

[*DAPHNE and SHEPHERDESSES sing.*]

DAPHNE.

Useless for maid to sit and spin
Beside the cottage door —
By open door at eve comes in
Shepherd no more !
The pipes of Arcadia are still !

Untended the flocks on the hill !
At evening we call to the sheep on the hill,
Bringing them back to the fold,
Can, nan, nan, nan, nan,
Can, nan, nan, nan, nan,
Can, nan, can, nan, can, nan,
O sheep, come over the wold !
'T is night ; the tale is told !
O shepherds and sheep, come back,
Come back to the fold !

SHEPHERDESSES.

O sheep, come over the wold !
'T is night ; the tale is told !
O shepherds and sheep, come back,
Come back to the fold !

DAPHNE.

Useless for maid to blushing don
Her modest bridal dress.
Cometh by day no wooing one
To shepherdess !
The pipes of Arcadia are still !
Untended the flocks on the hill !
At evening we call to the sheep on the hill,
Bringing them back to the fold,
Can, nan, nan, nan, nan,
Can, nan, nan, nan, nan,
Can, nan, can, nan, can, nan,

O sheep, come over the wold !
'T is night ; the tale is told !
O shepherds and sheep, come back,
Come back to the fold !

SHEPHERDESSES.

O sheep, come over the wold !
'T is night ; the tale is told !
O shepherds and sheep, come back,
Come back to the fold !

LUCIAN AND BONIFACE.

[*Apart.*]

Sweet chuck, how for dear life she doth
beseech !

BONIFACE.

She 'd give her life to live for me —

LUCIAN.

For me !

BOTH.

For each !

GUMBO.

[*Sings.*]

Much your tale moves me,
As I said.

ALL.

As you said !

LUCIAN AND BONIFACE.

[*Apart.*]

She weeps. Ah, how she loves me,
Constant maid, constant maid !

[GUMBO and SHEPHERDESSES *sing.*]

GUMBO.

I weep for you — but nathless
I may not dismiss you scatheless
From this land to which you all too trust-
ing strayed.

SHEPHERDESSES.

Then since our tale moves you,
As you said —

GUMBO.

As I said !

SHEPHERDESSES.

We think, sir, it behooves you
To give aid, to give aid.
Not so to play the dragon,
But to stay with cake and flagon,
Ere you send us on our journey unafraid !

GUMBO.

[*Speaks.*]

I wish I could — but I can't. The cen-
sus has just been made out for the year, and

I must not tamper with it by encouraging immigration !

[GUMBO, FIJIS, DAPHNE, *and* SHEPHERD-
ESSES *sing.*]

GUMBO.

Circumstances — circumstances —

FIJIS.

Name for unpropitious chances !

GUMBO.

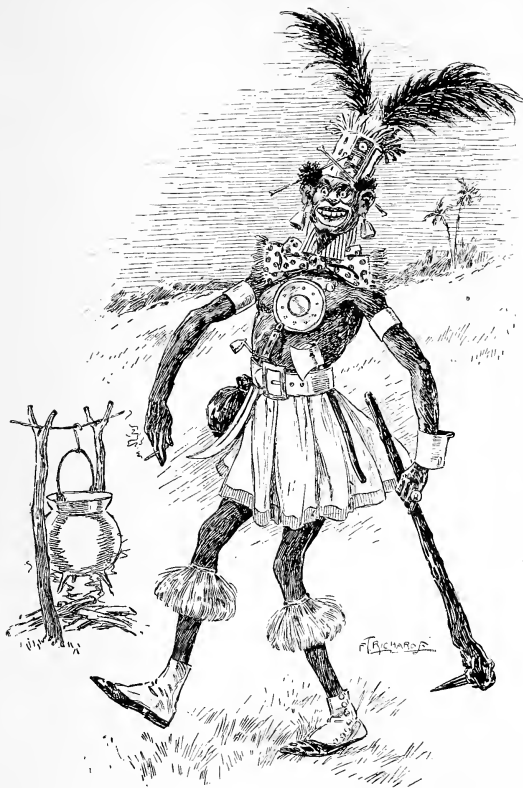
Over which I've no control.

FIJIS.

Old excuse for horrid rôle !
Our standards are correct to a degree !
We only lower them at times through
loyalty !

GUMBO.

Handicapped by sins ancestral,
Ah, how sorry is my lot !
While my aims are all celestial,
Oft my objects go to pot.
Here a score of virgins vestal
Look upon me as their host ;
I, despite my mien celestial,
Mean to serve them up on toast.



GUMBO

“While my aims are all celestial
Oft my objects go to pot.”



FIJIS.

Sorry lot of virgins vestal,
He, your hospitable host,
Though his mien is all celestial,
Means to serve you up on toast !

DAPHNE.

Toast us all without avail,
Hospitable Fiji host !
Naught you do could make us quail,
Though you serve us up on toast !

SHEPHERDESSES.

No, naught you do could make us quail,
Though you serve us up on toast !

FIJIS.

How in His Royal Highness' face she flies !
Methinks the maiden's words more brave
than wise !

GUMBO.

Nature formed me all angelic,
Gentle, wise, and much adored ;
Race hath left me quite a relic
Of tradition most deplored !
I, who swear by moral suasion
(Though I do not swear, of course),
Have been known upon occasion
To resort to brutal force !

Daphne.

[*Speaks.*][*To FIJIS.*] Corroborate me, sirrahs!

SHEPHERDESSES AND FIJIS.

[*Sing, while GUMBO dances.*]

He, who swears by moral suasion
 (Though he does not swear, of course),
 Has been known upon occasion
 To resort to brutal force!

FIJIS.

Gentle, noble, tender, wise is he!
 We speak not from conviction but from
 loyalty!

GUMBO.

I, who drink to prohibition
 (Though I do not drink, you know),
 By this burden of tradition,
 Sometimes let my precepts go!
 I, who would not kill a beetle,
 Heeded I the voice within,
 Sometimes have to be a leetle
 Drastic in my discipline. [Dances.]

FIJIS.

[*Shudder.*]

Yes, he's sometimes just a leetle
 Drastic in his discipline!

ALL.

Strange that his word and his acts are so
at variance !

GUMBO.

All of my faults are the faults of my
parients !

ALL.

Such a *preux chevalier* !

GUMBO.

My faults are all my parents' *feu* !

ALL.

His faults are all his parents' *feu* !
Without such taint,
Wise and good,
He a saint
Would be — of the first magnitude.
Such a gentle, noble chap,
Grievous is his handicap !
Mild, tender, just, and wise !

FIJIS.

[*To SHEPHERDESSES.*]

These, you know, are loyal lies !
Come, let the welkin ring with three times
three
(That's nine), a tribute of our loyalty !

GUMBO.

And now that we have come to such a pleasant understanding, make yourselves at home, my dear young ladies, till I decide what to do with you. This may be your last day on earth, so spend it as agreeably as you can. I allow you full liberty of conscience, and you can all order new frocks if you like — It will cost you nothing, nor me, either. We will call this a legal holiday in your honor.

FIJIS.

Hip, hip, hooray !

[SHEPHERDESSES *cry very loud.*]

GUMBO.

I own that I am touched. Touched ! Left to myself, I should never do anything more disastrous to humanity than promiscuous almsgiving. But the traditions of my race render me bloodthirsty, savage, and unprepossessing. Besides, I took a dose of Ibsen this morning, and I do not logically see my way to anything but universal Gloom. However —

SALLY.

I'm afraid he's going to let 'em off ! [*She thrusts a note into GUMBO's hand and runs away.*]

GUMBO.

What is this? [*Opens note.*] Ill-spelled and anonymous and reeking of soapsuds! [*Reads.*] "Beware of anything that comes from Arcadia; it is catching, pertickulerly Daphnes!" Signed, "One who nose." Arcadia! Catching! [*He puts pocket-handkerchief to his nose.*] Signed by one who n-o-s-e, knows! It bears the features of truth upon the very face of it! Beware of Arcadia!—Here, sirrah [*to CHEF*]! have we any foreign relations with Arcadia? Do we get our groceries there? Because if so, cut them off immediately!

CHEF.

Oh, no, sire. Arcadia is very far away. I myself was born there once.

FAT FAIRY.

Eh?

GUMBO.

You tell me to my face that you had the audacity to be born there? In a hostile country, eh?

CHEF.

Sire — it was in my extreme youth.

GUMBO.

That is no excuse, sir. Arrest him!

[FIJIS seize CHEF.]

CHEF.

It is all one to me, sire. Life has been but cold potatoes to me ever since the slim child of my boyhood's adoration went into the ballet!

FAT FAIRY.

[*Shrieks.*] Augustus! Do you not recognize your Fatima?

[*She throws herself upon his breast.*]

CHEF.

Fatima! Only more so! This is too much happiness!

[*He weeps.*]

GUMBO.

It is simply the most moving incident I have ever witnessed. They shall die together!

[*To FIJIS.*] Arrest Aunty, too!

[FIJIS seize FAT FAIRY.]

DAPHNE.

Hold! How dare you? How dare you, I say!

GUMBO.

Eh, Missy, and what have you to say about

it? The royal treasury is very low; but I'll bet a cooky, now [*looking at SALLY's note*], that you're at the bottom of all this mischief, and that your name is Daphne!

SALLY.

Ha, ha, ha!

DAPHNE.

My name *is* Daphne!

GUMBO.

Arrest her. My majesty is not to be trifled with! Daphne, indeed!

[*FIJIS seize DAPHNE.*

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

[*Rush forward to rescue her.*] Daphne, Daphne!

GUMBO.

Seize them! Seize everybody, and the whole court go into quarantine. Sentence shall be passed on the prisoners to-night.

[*He rises, and the procession forms to march toward the palace. Daphne, Boniface, Lucian, Fat Fairy, and Chef are led captive between Fiji guards, and the shepherdesses follow, disconsolately. The music strikes up as the procession starts.*]

DAPHNE.

[*Looking meditatively after GUMBO.*] If that man were only properly trained, what an ideal husband he would make!

[*Loud barbaric music and quick curtain.*]

[END OF ACT II.]

ACT III.

[A few hours later. The Fat Fairy is revealed comfortably seated in a wicker chair, while the Chef fans her with an enormous cooking-spoon.]

FAT FAIRY AND CHEF.

[*Sing, "Long Ago."*]

Parted we by fate mischancy
 Long, long ago.
Sweet those days come back to fancy,
 Days of long ago.
Laughing Love in myrtle bowers,
 Long, long ago.
Broke the days in rainbow hours,
 Days of long ago.
Love blew on a willow whistle,
 Long, long ago.
Kisses light as down of thistle —
 Days of long ago.
Love sang in the alder bushes,
 Long, long ago.
Sighed and shook the bending rushes —
 Days of long ago.
Give me back, for life's best guerdon,
 Long, long ago;

Love, and all Love's singing burden—
Days of long ago.

CHEF.

[*Rising.*] I declare it has made me clean forget about the dinner, — for though we die to-morrow, Gumbo must dine to-night, — and there are Saratoga chips to do. My own crisp little chippy! [*Kisses* FAT FAIRY.

FAT FAIRY.

O Augustus, must we die? I can bear up beautifully under other people's misfortunes, but when it comes to being beheaded, I sha'n't be worth a pin without a head. Could n't we elope?

CHEF.

Alas, I fear not. Gumbo is inexorable, and the guards around the city gates have been redoubled.

[*BONIFACE and LUCIAN approach arm-in-arm.*

LUCIAN.

Why not bribe the guards? [*Pulls out his purse.*] I'm a little short, myself, at present, but have n't you any spare change about you, Coe-j-y?

CHEF.

I, sir? [*Pulls out an empty purse, and shakes his head ruefully.*]

BONIFACE.

[*Pulls out an empty purse.*] And mine is as empty as both of yours put together! Why not give a concert?

LUCIAN.

But who'd come? No, no! How much better to get up a little revolution!

ALL.

[*Putting their heads together.*] Yes, yes!

[*GUMBO comes from the palace and steals up behind them.*]

LUCIAN.

Now, if we were to enter the palace by stealth at night and seize Gum —

GUMBO.

[*Very loud.*] Bo!

[*All jump and exclaim with fright.*]

GUMBO.

[*Holding his sides with laughter.*] Ha, ha, ha! I thought I'd take you by surprise! There, there, Auntie [*pinching* FAT FAIRY,

who has fainted on CHEF's bosom], cheer up! Left to myself, of course I should put up the banns to-morrow, and send you off on a Cook's tour for a honeymoon — but inherited qualities, you know! Oh, it is pathetic!
[*Brushes sleeve across his eyes.*]

FAT FAIRY.

[*Recovering.*] I'll vanish while he is n't looking!
[*Steals away.*]

GUMBO.

Meanwhile, what can I do for you all to sweeten your last moments, as it were? Ask for anything.

BONIFACE.

Well, if your H. R. H. would allow me to enjoy the arrears of my wages —

GUMBO.

Enjoy them, sir! Get all the enjoyment from the arrears you can. I double them on the spot. In the abstract, I am the soul of generosity.

LUCIAN.

Then as there has been an unexpected delay in my remittances, if your majesty would advance me a trifle for postage-stamps —

GUMBO.

Postage-stamps ! Did ever anybody hear the like ! I suppose you 'll be wanting something next [*to CHEF*] !

CHEF.

Well, if your grace would give me an order on the treasury for soup-greens —

GUMBO.

This is gratitude ! I speak to you in love, and you ask for money ! Money — what is money ?

[*Pulls out his purse ; they try to clutch it.*]

LUCIAN.

[*Grabbing.*] Money is a medium of exchange and —

GUMBO.

Not at all, sir ! Time is money — and I give you all eternity. Love of lucre is the root of evil ; and yet you ask me, a humane man, to give you the most pernicious poison ever put into circulation [*Opens his purse and pulls out paper.*] Here is a little song about money which I have written in three-part counterpoint to choke off my creditors. You will all oblige me by singing it with me.

[*Sings.*]

It is a curse — [Nods to BONIFACE.]

BONIFACE.

[*Reluctantly sings.*]

It is a curse —

GUMBO.

Pretty good, but sing it with conviction.
Now you [*to* LUCIAN].

LUCIAN.

[*Sings.*]

It is a curse —

GUMBO.

Quite right. Go ahead [*to* CHEF].

CHEF.

[*Sings.*]

It is a curse —

GUMBO.

So it is. I thought you'd all come to that way of thinking. You see I have treated it as a fugue to typify the elusive nature of the subject. Now, all stand by, and do not take liberties with the *tempo*.

BONIFACE, LUCIAN, AND CHEF.

[*Sing, "Money."*]

It is a curse,
And wise men fear it,
But fools will barter name and fame — aye,
worse —

To hear it !

It is deceit,
Lost in a minute ;
Yet mortals strive with bleeding hands and
feet

To win it !

It is a crown, —
The noble spurn it,
But many a simple lays his poor life down
To earn it !

It is a goal ;
Angels disdain it ;
But fallen angels sell their very soul
To gain it !

GUMBO.

[*Wipes his eyes.*] These exalted sentiments are enough to draw tears from a graven image ! [*Tosses up his purse, and all try to catch it, but he pockets it.*] Now begone, and

never broach the vulgar subject again. Money, indeed ! [*A loud crash, as of china breaking, is heard within palace.*] What's that ? If it is Sally in a tantrum, she shall die !

FIJIS.

[*Running to GUMBO from palace.*] O sire ! — the little Arcadian is turning the palace topsy-turvy !

GUMBO.

[*Amazed.*] The little Arcadian — turning the palace topsy-turvy ? Well, I'll be — Daphnied !

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

O Daphne !

GUMBO.

O Daphne ! I'll Daphne her ! Off with her —

DAPHNE.

[*Coming from palace, followed by SHEPHERDESSES.*] Ah, Gumbo, I was just going to send for you. The hour's liberty you gave me for exercise I have spent in overhauling the china closet. Really, your taste is beneath contempt. I have had the Sunday dinner-set thrown out of window !

ALL.

O Daphne !

DAPHNE.

[*Rooting up a tiger-lily.*] Your garden, too, looks like a Xmas calendar! Piff!

[*Throws the flower away.*]

GUMBO.

Well—I—pinch me [*to* CHEF CHEF *pinches* GUMBO. GUMBO *squeals.*] How dare you, sirrah! Off with his—

DAPHNE.

The whole palace is in a disgracefully ramshackle state, which reminds me to ask, Gumbo,—your throne is very roomy,—have you no queen?

GUMBO.

I had one once, but in an international game of chess I changed her for a pawn. Pray is there anything else you would like to know, Missy?

DAPHNE.

[*Not noticing* GUMBO.] Did you ever see anything so rakish as those hay-cocks! Come, girls, let us demolish them!

DAPHNE AND SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Dance over the hay-cocks, singing.*]

We are little shepherdesses

Copied out of books of beauty.

GUMBO.

[*Furious.*] Stop, stop! My majesty and my hay are not to be lightly trampled on! Stop, I say! — I believe she's a witch! [*The FIJIS capture DAPHNE.*] Back with her to solitary confinement with bread and water for a week, and then off with her —

DAPHNE.

[*Pretends to cry.*] O Gumbo, we do not mind solitary confinement, and we like bread and water — but I cannot bear your frown!

GUMBO.

You cannot bear my frown! Why, I bid it in at an auction of the effects of Napoleon at St. Helena! She does not like my frown! Off with her — [DAPHNE *pretends to sob.*] What is the matter now? Have you eaten something that disagreed with you? Because if so, I will anticipate your sentence and have you put out of pain at once!

DAPHNE.

Alas, I wept to think that your grace, with all your wisdom, has never known a heart-beat!

GUMBO.

A heart-beat! No, I do not know what that is. Is it marketable? Can you fight with

it? Is it something good to eat? That is all I care about.

DAPHNE.

Ah, no; a heart-beat may be felt but not described! [*Sighs. All sigh.*]

GUMBO.

By the living Jingo, I *will* have it described! Here, extraordinary [*to LUCIAN*]! You always have a lot of useless information about you. Define a heart-beat!

LUCIAN.

Easily done, sire. If you lean your head upon your own heart [*every one tries to do it*], which is an impossibility, or upon some one else's heart [*every one tries to do it*], which is an impropriety, you will feel the normal action of the heart called systole and diastole — thrump-thrump; thrump-thrump!

ALL.

Thrump-thrump; thrump-thrump!

DAPHNE.

Ah, that's not the kind I mean!

[*Sings, "Systole and Diastole."*]

Did you never hear it beat
Like the tramp of fairy feet? —
Some unspoken wish repeat!

Never seemed to wish to rip
Satin doublet, silken slip? —
Some one's name lay on your lip!

Never like a bird would fly,
Beat its cage and seek the sky? —
Just pretend that Some one's by!

Did it never palpitate
At an inconvenient rate,
Keeping time with Love and Fate?

Did it never pause — stand still,
At some sweet remembered thrill? —
Ah, be sure some day it will!

Never throbbed within the breast
For some dear, unbidden guest, —
Some one dearer than the rest?

Never broke its prison bar,
Winged its flight from star to star,
Beckoning Some one from afar?

Did it never palpitate
At an inconvenient rate? —
If it never did — well, WAIT!

[She laughs and runs away.]

GUMBO.

Now what the mischief does she mean by that? [*Calls.*] Daphne!

DAPHNE.

[*Kisses her hand to him.*] Wait!

[*Makes hay with her crook.*

GUMBO.

Somebody — anybody — everybody — explain —

ARCADIANS.

[*Sing.*]

Well, wait!

[*Kiss hands to GUMBO, and go and make hay.*

GUMBO.

I find myself a prey to the most exasperating sensations. See here, Aunty [*to the FAT FAIRY, who is trying to keep up with the SHEP-HERDESSES*], if you want to, you can earn a handsome bonus of the royal gratitude by prescribing for me. I have to fee the court physician every time he doses me, for fear of poison — I'm not myself at all to-day!

FAT FAIRY.

[*Opens reticule.*] Anything from sticking-plaster to paregoric or just sweet, womanly kindness — What are the symptoms, Majesty?

GUMBO.

No, I'm not myself at all. One minute I feel like giving birthday presents to all the world,—of course I check the impulse,—and the next I am in the royal dumps. I plan, but I do not execute.

FAT FAIRY.

[*Fervently.*] Thank Heaven for that!

GUMBO.

A pendulum is going, inside my ribs, and my fingers feel as if they had just come out of curl-papers at the mere mention of a certain person's name. Is it witchcraft—do you think—or German measles?

FAT FAIRY.

Neither. [*Impressively.*] Majesty, it is Love!

GUMBO.

Love! I, Gumbo, monarch of the Fijis, ailing with Love? Impossible!

FAT FAIRY.

Sire, it is the essence of the impossible, and yet—

GUMBO.

Love ! Who has dared introduce that pernicious microbe in my domestic interior ?
'T is not to be endured. Off with his head —

FAT FAIRY.

[*Correcting.*] Her head !

GUMBO.

Everybody's head !

FAT FAIRY.

Nay, sire. Such measures would only prove fatal !

GUMBO.

Such were my intentions — strictly honorable — but fatal !

FAT FAIRY.

To yourself, I meant, Gumbo.

GUMBO.

To myself ! Ah, I draw the line at that. Would you advise me to knock off monarching for a week and take to my bed on a diet of weak gruel ?

FAT FAIRY.

Sire, there is but one cure. Let yourself go !

GUMBO.

Anywhere. Hoboken, or Old Point Comfort?

DAPHNE AND SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Tossing hay all over* GUMBO.] Peek-a-boo!

GUMBO.

[*Scrambling from under the hay.*] Daphne, the whole force of the situation bursts upon me. Against my will I love you. In sheer self-defence I beseech you, be my bride!

DAPHNE.

[*To* FAT FAIRY.] I will trifle with him awhile!

GUMBO.

Answer, please! [*Seizes her by the hair.*

DAPHNE.

Your majesty's tender, delicate attentions move me greatly. I have always longed to meet a character stronger than my own; the typical hero of the lady novelist,—an exaggerated Rochester!

GUMBO.

I feel better already. [*To* CHEF.] Fetch a parson.

DAPHNE.

But, H. R. H.—there is an insurmountable obstacle—I am already betrothed to another. To two others!

GUMBO.

This is too much—I mean, too many. Two too many. Where are they, that I may kill them? [BONIFACE and LUCIAN try each to push the other forward.]

BONIFACE.

You, brother!

LUCIAN.

No, you!

DAPHNE.

Nay, Gumbo. No maid scruples to break a man's heart and blast his life, but to sanction bloodshed would be unladylike to the last degree!

GUMBO.

Oh, of course I should prefer to put them both on the pension list—but heredity, you know! [*Walks sulkily away.*] I shall kill every one who crosses my path! [*All run away.*]

DAPHNE.

He's very fascinating. So decided!
[*Coughs.*] Ahem!

GUMBO.

Called back. You return my love?

DAPHNE.

Nay — I pigeon-hole it for future consideration ; meanwhile, would not your grace like to offer up the little tribute of a love-song on affection's shrine ?

GUMBO.

Me — a love-song ! [*To CHEF.*] Pinch me !
[*CHEF runs away.*]

DAPHNE.

[*Makes to go.*] It is a pity. Both my other fiancés warble like choristers.

GUMBO.

Wait. I'll order out the band. Or better — I'll do it myself, by proxy. Where's that miller-chap ! [*To BONIFACE.*] Here, sirrah, look me in the eye ! [*He makes mesmeric passes before BONIFACE.*] Now, then, consider yourself hypnotized, and put your best foot forward. How will you take it, beloved ? [*To DAPHNE.*]

DAPHNE.

Short — but ardent !

BONIFACE.

[To LUCIAN.] What does she mean by that ?

LUCIAN.

It counts for me, of course.

BONIFACE.

Adder !

GUMBO.

Now, then, stroke. Time, I mean !

BONIFACE.

[Sings, "*Thou Only !*"]

Thou only, of the whole world wide !
Come thou to me, my peerless bride,

Thy loving arms about me twine,
Thy heart on mine, thy lips on mine.

Close gathered in thy fast embrace,
Kissing thy neck, thy hair, thy face,

I claim of life a regal dower, —
One hour with thee, one perfect hour.

On thy fair bosom's paradise
Lost worlds I'd count no sacrifice,

Nor barter for eternity
My perfect hour of life with thee !

Thou only, of the world unknown !
I hold thee fast, one hour, my own,

And know whereof the linnets sing,
And all the secrets of the spring.

Crushing with kisses warm and sweet
The blossom where thy red lips meet,

I know what sets the stars at strife,
What thrills or god, or man, with life.

The days their golden measure fill ;
Time folds his wing, the world stands still

For one immortal ecstasy,—
One perfect hour of life with thee !

[All on the stage and, it is to be hoped, in
the audience applaud Boniface raptur-
ously.]

GUMBO.

[*Furious with jealousy.*] It is my belief
you're Another ! Off with his —

BONIFACE.

Nay, Gumbo, I am but the mouth-piece !
Here is the man who composed that song !

[*Pushes LUCIAN forward.*]

GUMBO.

Off with their heads, immediately ! [BONIFACE and LUCIAN run away in different directions, pursued by FIJIS. GUMBO takes out purse.] This to the man that catches them ! [Pockets purse.] I'll go myself and save the money !
[All run away.]

SALLY.

[Comes on holding a large book open.] She bewitches every one — but I'll get even with her yet. Daphne, indeed ! [Reads aloud.] “And while the goddesses were holding an afternoon tea on Mount Olympus, the Goddess of Discord, who had not been invited, threw an apple into their midst, labeled, ‘To the Fairest !’ ”

[She shuts the book with a bang, takes an enormous apple from her pocket, with a tag tied to the stem. From her bosom she takes a bottle marked “Poison,” and pours drops from it on apple. Daphne, Phyllis, and Marigold enter, out of breath.]

PHYLLIS.

And we shall both be bridesmaids ?

MARIGOLD.

Oh, lovely ! What shall we wear ?

[Lucian steals in, and, seeing that Gumbo is away, remains. Sally throws the apple. Daphne, Phyllis, and Marigold scramble for it. Daphne gets it. Sally is overjoyed.]

DAPHNE.

[*Reads.*] "To the Fairest!" You, dear
[*passing it to MARIGOLD*]!

MARIGOLD.

Oh, no, dear!

DAPHNE.

Then you, dear [*passing it to PHYLLIS*]?

PHYLLIS.

Nay; keep it, dear!

DAPHNE.

No, no, dear! [*SALLY dismayed.*]

PHYLLIS AND MARIGOLD.

Who, then, dear?

DAPHNE.

Yonder is Lucian. He first taught me that I am fair; he shall decide. [*They run to LUCIAN, tossing the apple back and forth.*]

DAPHNE, PHYLLIS, AND MARIGOLD.

[*Sing.*]

Strange the missive that thou bearest,
Apple, apple, — “To the Fairest!”
Hither sent, we know not why.

DAPHNE.

’T is not I!

PHYLLIS.

Nor I!

MARIGOLD.

Nor I!

DAPHNE.

Dropped from what celestial tree?

PHYLLIS.

Not for me!

MARIGOLD.

Nor me!

DAPHNE.

Nor me!

TRIO.

Might we not go share and share
Equally, since all are fair?

[*Pointing to LUCIAN.*]

Let the wise man yonder grapple
With the problem of the apple!

Apple, apple, ripe and dapple,
How we long to eat you, apple !

LUCIAN.

[*Takes apple.*]

O apple ! on the pleachèd boughs
Of Eden fair — your tempting rind
Made Mother Eve forget her vows,
And leave her innocence behind,
When she and Adam, apple-wise,
Alas, were turned from Paradise !

TRIO.

[*Deprecating apple.*]

Oh, fateful, when the world began !
Oh, fell disaster ! Fall of man !

LUCIAN.

When Paris gay on Phrygian hills
An apple placed in Venus' hand,
Came countless dire Homeric ills
Alike on Greek and Ilian land !
O apple, you and Helen's eyes
Broke up a Spartan paradise !

TRIO.

Is that perhaps the reason why
One says "the apple of one's eye" ?

LUCIAN.

While Newton, musing, took his walk
Beneath (we think) an apple-tree,
You, apple, apple, broke your stalk
And gravitated on to he !
As Isaac did that fruit enjoy,
Saith he, " Your past since I recall,
The fall of man, the fall of Troy,
Your turn, O apple, 't is to fall !
The Earth, that apple swung in space,
Holds in itself a mighty law, —
That though man upward turn his face,
His feet are weighted to the core.
By you he fell, and may not rise
To scale his forfeit Paradise ! "

ALL.

[Taxing apple with it.]

Oh, fateful, since the world began,
To fallen Troy — to fallen man !
Small wonder, take it all in all,
That apples ripen in the Fall !

LUCIAN.

And the moral of it lies in the apple-ication !
[He takes a large bite.]

ALL.

[Disappointed.] Oh !

[Lucian falls, apparently lifeless. Sally shrieks hysterically and runs away. The shepherdesses all run down and crowd about Lucian, as the best-intentioned people will at such a time.]

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Sing.*]

Is he dead ?
Lay him flat.
Lift his head.
Move his hat.
Fan his brow.
Feel his heart
Better now ?
Try Delsarte.
Get a chair.
Give him air !
It's a swoon.
Loose his tie.
Better soon.
Will he die ?
Conscious yet ?
Water, please !
Vinaigrette !
More at ease ?
Stroke his hair.
Give him air !
Chafe his palms.
Slap his feet.

Work his arms.
Does it beat ?
Call for aid ! —
“ Some one ’s ill ! ”
I ’m afraid —
He ’s so still !
Say a prayer !
Give him air !

DAPHNE.

My poor Lucian ! How I loved him ! If it had not been for Boniface — if it were not now for Gumbo — [*She bends over LUCIAN and kisses him.*]

LUCIAN.

[*To himself, recovering, unseen by all.*] At this rate I could wish eternity to last forever !

DAPHNE.

Strange — but I fancied when I kissed his cold lips that they formed the word “ encore ! ”

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Amazed.*] Oh !

DAPHNE.

I ’ll do it on the chance. Under the circumstances, it cannot be deemed unmaidenly !

[She kisses him again, and the shepherdesses all cover him with hay. Meanwhile, Damon and Robin run in, out of breath.]

DAMON.

[*Astonished. To ROBIN.*] What! Daphne and all the shepherdesses!

ROBIN.

Aye! And the Fat Fairy, too, as large as life!

DAMON.

Now what excuse can we make for losing Boniface and Lucian and all the shepherd train?

ROBIN.

Say they were killed—they may have been, for all we know, the night we ran away!

DAPHNE.

[*Turns and sees them.*] Damon and Robin! Welcome!

SHEPHERDESSES.

Damon! Robin! [*Falling on their necks.*

DAPHNE.

But where is the shepherd train?

[Damon sobs and points up, Robin sobs and points down, meanwhile Lucian quietly steals from under the hay into the mill, unseen by all.]

DAMON AND ROBIN.

[*Sing.*]

There's a low green valley in a land beyond
the seas,

Where we bivouacked by night and sang by
day;

Where the natives — rather previous and un-
principled Fijis —

Came and lured our too-confiding friends
away!

O my comrades, brave and true,

It was really wrong of you

To let yourselves be eaten by Fijis;

And deprive us of the pleasure,

Sad and solemn beyond measure,

Of interring you with proper obseques!

ALL.

[*Sing, weeping.*]

O my comrades, brave and true,

It was really wrong of you

To let yourselves be eaten by Fijis;

And deprive us of the pleasure,

Sad and solemn beyond measure,

Of interring you with proper obseques!

DAPHNE.

But at any rate, Boniface and Lucian —

DAMON.

Perished gloriously!

ROBIN.

Gloriously! In the front ranks!

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Amazed.*] What!

DAPHNE.

Why, we saw them — heard them — not five minutes ago!

[ROBIN nudges DAMON, who fidgets uneasily.]

DAMON.

It must have been their ghosts!

ALL.

Ghosts! Oh!

[*Shudder.*]

DAPHNE.

But see for yourselves! [*She turns up the bay with her crook.*] What! Lucian — vanished!

ALL.

[*Amazed.*] Fancy!

ROBIN.

I told you it was only his ghost !

FAT FAIRY.

I thought there was no body to his voice !

[LUCIAN, *unseen*, *shakes his fist at her out of the mill window.*]

DAMON.

We will erect monuments to them. They perished gloriously !

[*Sings.*]

While for their sins our comrades dear do
sizzle,

I'll carve their virtues with my little chisel.

ROBIN.

I will compile their autobiography ;
You can compound a little epitaphy.

DAPHNE.

O Lucian brave, O Lucian lost,
O ghost of a love, O love of a ghost !
When hope was bright and the noon was
high,
And love in sight, why need you die ?

DAMON.

His valor overtopped them all !
With my own eyes I saw him fall !

ROBIN.

With arrows round us whizzing fast,
'T was in my arms he breathed his last !

DAPHNE.

With love to take, and love to give,
Was death so sweet you would not live ?

ALL.

O Lucian brave, O Lucian lost,
O ghost of a love, O love of a ghost !
When hope was bright and the noon was
high,
And love in sight, why need you die ?
With love to take, and love to give,
Was death so sweet you would not live ?

GUMBO.

[*Runs in, followed by the FIJIS. To*
DAPHNE.] Daphne, I am credibly informed,
on the authority of Sally, our maid-of-all-
work, that Lucian is no more. Boniface has
been discovered hiding in a sack of flour, and
shall be put to death immediately. You can

no longer, therefore, plead the excuse of
Another, one or both ; accordingly —

DAPHNE.

Your majesty interrupts. I was just
mourning both those gentlemen before giving
myself to newer loves.

GUMBO.

[*Takes out his watch.*] Five minutes, then.
I'll time you !

DAPHNE.

[*Sings, weeping.*]

He was so gentle, so for-giv-giv-iving.

ALL.

[*Groan.*] Oh !

[*Weeping.*]

DAPHNE.

Had I but heard
His last but one word —

GUMBO.

This is absurd !

ALL.

[*Groan.*] Oh !

DAPHNE.

He was so tender, the dear de-par-parted —

ALL.

[*Wail.*] Oh!

DAPHNE.

Mourn for him, maidens, all broken har —
hearted!

LUCIAN.

Bravo!

ORCHESTRA.

Doodle de doodle de do!

DAPHNE.

No parting caress —

SHEPHERDESSES.

Yes!

DAPHNE.

Spirit hath flown! —

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Sob.*] Lone —

DAPHNE.

Lucian — my own — only!

ALL.

[*Groan.*] Oh!

ORCHESTRA.

Doodle de doodle de do!

DAPHNE.

Cypress shall shade him and weep-eeeping
willow ;
Only a stone for his little pil-pillow !

ALL.

[*With a prolonged groan.*] Oh !
[*A loud wail from the orchestra.*]

GUMBO.

Time's up ! [*Closes watch with a snap.*]
And now, my adored — [BONIFACE, *covered with flour*, is led in by FIJIS.]

ALL.

Boniface !

DAMON AND ROBIN.

[*Sing.*]

His ghost ! He fought the best of all !
With our own eyes we saw him fall !

DAPHNE.

The ghost of Boniface come to reproach
me for loving Gumbo ! Forgive me, sweet
spirit !

BONIFACE.

No, Daphne, I cannot forgive this incon-
stancy — I, who have always made constancy

my theme — with variations ! [LUCIAN, *covered with flour, is led by FIJIS from mill.*]

ALL.

Lucian !

DAMON AND ROBIN.

[*Sing.*]

His ghost ! The shafts were whizzing fast.
'T was in our arms he breathed his last !

DAPHNE.

The ghost of Lucian come to reproach
me for propitiating the ghost of Boniface !
Forgive me, sweet spirit !

LUCIAN.

Certainly not, Daphne ! I, who have never
broken my word to you — though I may have
bent it a little under pressure !

GUMBO.

Off with their heads ! Ghosts ought to
carry their heads under their arms, like crush
hats. Where's the headsman ?

CHEF.

Chopping wood, sire, to keep his hand in !

GUMBO.

The blockhead! Ax him if he will come, and ax him if he won't. I must put an end to all this!

DAPHNE.

Hark! What do I hear—the Pipes of Arcadia—or is it a dream? [*To GUMBO.*] Sire, your majesty will permit me to withdraw. [*She retires.*]

FAT FAIRY.

Come, come! why is every one so down in the mouth? Life and death—what are they? Incidents. Let's play puss-in-the-corner! Or what do you say to a good old-fashioned game of tag? [*To BONIFACE.*] You be it!

BONIFACE.

That's just what I don't want to be—it!

[*BONIFACE, LUCIAN, and GUMBO sing.*]

BONIFACE.

Go meet your death with smiling face!
It won't affect the human race,
Since some one else will take your place.

LUCIAN AND BONIFACE.

Would you speak thus if you, not I,
Had been the one condemned to die?

GUMBO.

[Slaps them on back.]

Be liberal ! Take larger views !
Some better man will fill your shoes —
Then why give way to ill-bred blues ?

LUCIAN AND BONIFACE.

Such arguments can have no weight ;
They're jejune and invertebrate.

ALL.

Go meet your fate with smiling face !
It won't affect the human race,
Since some one else will take your place.

LUCIAN AND BONIFACE.

No doubt your point is just and right —
We do not see it in that light !

FAT FAIRY.

Come, come, you need a little streak of
sunshine !

[Sings.]

Do tears perchance bedim your eyes
For your great granddam's late demise ?
Are you a prey to black despair,
To hidden grief, corroding care ?
Are lovers false, or friends untrue ? —

My mood is just the thing for you.

I laugh, ha, ha !

Ha, ha, ha, ha !

You 're sad, you are ! You know you are !

ALL.

Now don't deny it. Ha, ha, ha !

You 're sad, you are ! You know you are !

FAT FAIRY.

Are you by cruel fate rebuffed ?

Find you your doll with sawdust stuffed ?

Your heart bowed down by weight of woe,

Through failure of your banking Co. ?

Are you by sudden grief unmanned ? —

I've such a laughing stock on hand !

I laugh, ha, ha !

Ha, ha, ha, ha !

You 're sad, you are ! You know you are !

All day (including Sundays)

Do I wipe the falling tear.

No depth of *de profundis*

That my humor cannot cheer.

Would a little chuckle cheer you ?

Or a waggish titter please ?

Jocosely if I flee you,

Would it put you at your ease ?

Will you take a flighty giggle,
Or a broad expansive grin?
O'er terms we will not niggle;
So how shall I begin?

Because, ha, ha,

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

You're sad, you are! You know you are!

ALL.

Now don't deny it. Ha, ha, ha!
You're sad, you are! You know you are!

LUCIAN.

The humor of the situation almost reconciles me to its finality. I have, however, a last request to make of your majesty —

BONIFACE.

Me, too! A pair of last requests!
[*They point to their flour-covered shoes.*]

GUMBO.

Anything, dear boys, in the way of ghostly consolation! [*Calls.*] What-ho, there! The royal shoe brigade! — Although savage, we are not wholly devoid of polish!

[*Two bootblacks run on with brushes, etc.*]

LUCIAN AND BONIFACE.

[*Sing.*]

Though we've faltered now and then,
Though success our suits lacked,
We would die like gentlemen,
With our — [*They weep.*]

BOOTBLACKS.

Boots blacked !

LUCIAN AND BONIFACE.

Under threescore years and ten,
Life its fairest fruits lacked ;
Yet we die like gentlemen,
With our —

BOOTBLACKS.

Boots blacked !

LUCIAN AND BONIFACE.

This remember sometimes when
Music have our lutes lacked,
That we died like gentlemen,
With our —

BOOTBLACKS.

Boots blacked !

ALL.

Yes, we 'll all remember when
Music have their lutes lacked,
That they died like gentlemen,
With their boots blacked.

[The bootblacks whistle a popular refrain as they polish, and the orchestra plays the bootblack *motif*.]

GUMBO.

Now we will get to the real business of the day. In Daphne's presence, for some occult reason, I find it difficult to do anything against her desire; but since she has discreetly absented herself — Of course, dear old chaps, you enter perfectly into the situation and see how utterly impossible it would be for a man to let himself be haunted by the ghosts of his wife's discarded suitors; otherwise —

DAPHNE.

[*At the back of the stage.*] Hark, hark!

GUMBO.

Hark, hark, the lark! What's the matter now?

DAPHNE.

The Pipes — the Pipes of Arcadia!
[*She waves her handkerchief.*]

SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Waving handkerchiefs.*] The Pipes —
the Pipes of Arcadia !

[The shepherds are heard in the distance,
and the singing grows louder as they
advance.]

SHEPHERDS.

[*Sing.*]

Because a princess most despiteful
Spurned her faithful swain,
Came woes unrightful
On the shepherd train !
Ah, mute the pipes — the song is ended,
And the gentle flocks
Browse all untended
On Arcadian rocks !

[The shepherds all appear, singing. The
shepherdesses run and greet them, join-
ing in the song as they march down.]

SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

[*Sing.*]

For those who leave Arcadia ever,
Who her hills forsake,
Come back, ah, never,
Tho' their hearts may break !
E'en tho' eyes may strain to see her,

And the bosom yearn,
For those who flee her
There is no return.

BONIFACE AND LUCIAN.

[*Seize GUMBO.*] Now, sir, see how you
relish being a ghost ! Where 's the headsman ?

DAPHNE.

Hold, my ex-beloveds ! He will get his
deserts later — for I mean to marry him !

GUMBO.

My adored ! I will have the palace
painted. Take half my kingdom ! [*Kneels.*

DAPHNE.

All of it. [*She takes the crown from GUM-
BO's head and puts it on her own.*] And now
every one kiss and make up, for we will all
go back to Arcadia for our honeymoon.

GUMBO.

If you were up in your Darwin, Missy, —
I mean, my dear, — you would know that few
savage races understand the import of a kiss.

DAPHNE.

Then we will hold an experience meeting
at once.

GUMBO, DAPHNE, LUCIAN, SALLY, BONIFACE,
PHYLLIS, CHEF, AND FAT FAIRY.

[*Sing, "A Kiss."*]

Best uttered in the shade,
Needs but a youth and maid,
Lingers, but is not stayed,
Else all its bloom would fade.

Cannot exist alone,
One, it could not be done,
Two plus would make it none.
Two — yet its sum is one.

Flower of innocence,
Yet lacks not confidence ;
Cometh, we know not whence ;
Spirits that meet through sense.

Chap second genesis
As apothèosis
Of all creation's bliss
Contrived the primal —

[*All make the sound of a kiss.*]

SALLY.

[*Throws her arm around LUCIAN.*] This
is so sudden !

LUCIAN.

Soap-sudden, you mean. However, Sally —

BONIFACE.

All the ladies who desire to compete for
a heart left vacant by the defection of
Daphne — [PHYLLIS and MARIGOLD run
and link their arms in his.]

DAPHNE.

[*Comes to footlights and sings to audience.*]

Through the murmur of woodland trees,
Hither borne on the summer breeze,
Cometh a voice, tender, true,
Whispers to me to tell to you —

[*She whispers, but her words are drowned by
the orchestra.*]

In the brouhaha of the city street,
Through the patter of hurrying feet,
Cometh the whisper low and sweet
That I may tell to you —

[*Again she whispers, but her words are
drowned by the orchestra. Finally, she sings,
victoriously.*]

That the world is glad and gay, dear,
Be it December or May, dear,
For Love is its own Arcadia,
And this may I tell to you !

[All take partners for the dance, — an expedient for exercising the dramatist's proud privilege of indicating happy marriages all round. Everybody marries somebody, if not the special individual he or she set out to in the first act. It sometimes works quite as well, if people did but know it, and at any rate is true to life. The pedant naturally chooses a wife who will look up to him; the poet is in love with Love; and the Daphne-esque woman throws in her lot with the elemental man. A moral might possibly here be pointed, but the dance begins.]

DAPHNE AND GUMBO.

[*Sing.*]

O saying old and much renowned,
'T is Love that makes the world go round !
[*They dance.*]

LUCIAN AND SALLY.

O word with hope and beauty crowned,
'T is Love that makes the world go round !
[*Dance.*]

CHEF AND FAT FAIRY.

O singing voice, how sweet the sound,
'T is Love that makes the world go round !
[*Dance.*]

BONIFACE, PHYLLIS, AND MARIGOLD.

O dancing feet that spurn the ground,
Come, help the world go round and round !
[*Dance.*

ALL.

O hearts, with youth and joy that bound,
'T is Love that makes the world go round !

[It ends in a whirl of song and dance. All
lose their heads, except the leader of the
orchestra.]

[END.]



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